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TWISTING THINGS ABOUT.

BY F. S. L.

'Tis very hard to tell, dear,
What course is best to take,
For love will often pull the way
Strict justice should forsake.
When such a point you reach, dear,
One thing will give you light—
Just put yourself in their place;
What would you then think right?

It seems a little odd, dear,
This twisting things about,
But such a plan may save heartache,
And settle gloom and doubt.
So make a rule through life, dear,
If you the right would test—
Just put yourself in their place,
And thus judge what is best.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTMAS DAY brought fine weather, though it was not frosty or even very cold. It was a day of much sweetness, and yet of sadness, to Jane Ludlowe. She enjoyed the simple service in the small village church, which had most artistic decorations, and her pleasure was increased, though she herself was hardly conscious of it, by the sight of a handsome clear-cut face and a tall well-built form in the pew reserved for the noble owner of Wyefeild. The girl sat alone. Mrs. Winter had not felt well enough to take part in the service, so Jane had gone by herself, and attracted considerable attention. She looked very pretty in her large black hat and her long fur-bordered coat with its quaint old-fashioned capes.

Lord Hampshire sat and listened, apparently with much interest, to the simple sermon preached by Robert Winter with that earnestness which had brought the young man so quickly to the front. Once or twice however his lordship found his eyes wandering across the sacred edifice to where Jane sat, and, despite his harsh thoughts and his cynicism, the girl's influence for good reasserted itself. Here, and on such an occasion, he felt it impossible to let his cruel doubts and unjust judgment have full play. He was annoyed, and at last turned his attention resolutely away from the girlish form and the delicate eloquent face.

"I am tired of this place," he said to himself abruptly, as the sermon came to an end and he rose to his feet. "I shall cut the hunting and all the rest of it. I have had enough of England. I will have a shot at a few other countries; I may find things grow a little better there. At any rate, they cannot be worse than they are here."

He made no effort to join or even to speak with Jane when the service was over. After the rest had gone, she waited for Robert Winter, and, when they emerged from the church, the road was deserted.

Jane was conscious of a strange feeling of disappointment that almost amounted to pain. She began speaking of Lord Hampshire hurriedly.

"Does the Earl attend your church regularly, Robert?" she asked.

Mr. Winter shook his head—and there was a tone of regret in his voice as he answered her.

"I am sorry to say he does not—in fact, I was astonished to see him there to-day—it is the first time he has attended. Of course he has not been here very long, but I fancy I know enough already to see that he will never be with me in my work, but rather will be against me."

"I am sorry," said Jane wistfully, her eyes turning towards the road that led to Wyefeild.

"And so am I," rejoined Robert Winter earnestly, "for otherwise I like him immensely. He did not manage however to win his way to my mother's heart the other day; she disapproves of him altogether. You know mother can be prejudiced now and then, Jane."

Jane echoed his laugh faintly.

"Summer is always wise and always just," she said; and, had Robert Winter's ears been more keen, he would have caught the sound of a regret in the girl's voice as she said this. She had been made very sad by the young man's conduct during his visit to the Vicarage. Mrs. Winter had offered only one comment on him after his departure.

"He is unworthy," she had said, with a good deal of warmth—"unworthy of his place and his position, unworthy of his manhood! It is such as he who destroy the beauty of this world!"

Jane had winced unconsciously, as she would have done had some cruel stone been cast at her faithful and well-loved dogs. She had not attempted to defend him. How could she? He was, after all, a stranger to her, and, although he had struck the chord of her loyalty, he had most certainly sneered at all good and noble thoughts in a manner that was indefensible.

She extracted all the happiness possible from this Christmas Day. She was merry and smiling during the dinner, but nevertheless tears were perilously near her eyes.

It was the first Christmas she had spent without her father. Despite all her efforts, comparisons would force themselves upon her. She remembered the Christmas of the year before. How happy she had been! What a delightful time she had spent! She had sat with a chair close to his at their tete-a-tete dinner, she had laughed and chatted and dragged her idol about to see how gay and beautiful the old house looked with its clusters of red berries and glistening ivy-leaves, and in the evening they had gone to the servants'-hall, and Meadows had made a speech, and everybody had cheered and drunk the health of Sir Richard Ludlowe and of his little daughter Jane, mistress of his heart and home. Now that was all over. Her father had not even sent her a Christmas wish; there was no gift, no remembrance of any kind. Jane did not know where he was. All she knew was that he was lost to her, and lost for ever.

She managed to keep up a brave appearance before her two kind friends; but, as soon as she was able to do so, she made her escape up to her own room, and there, unseen and alone in the winter darkness, she threw herself upon the bed and wept out the sorrow and the yearning that overflowed her young heart.

* * * * * *

Left to herself and her own kindly impulses, Mrs. Denistoun would have willingly allowed Jane to remain at Massingtown as long as the girl desired; but two days after Christmas there came a curtly-worded telegram to Carno Court from Lady Ludlowe, announcing the immediate return of its master and mistress. In Cynthia's absence the servants had fallen into their old easy comfortable habits, and, as they had anticipated that Lady Ludlowe would be absent some weeks, they had promised themselves a long and enjoyable holiday.

It was evident however that they must not expect any such pleasure now, and it was also evident that there was some important reason for this unexpected and early return of Sir Richard and his wife. Mrs. Denistoun was in a state of utter confusion. She was easily upset, and was always in a state of agitation where Cynthia was concerned. She completely forgot Jane, and thought of nothing but Cynthia, and what might or might not have happened to her beloved child to occasion this hasty return home.

If she forgot Jane however, there was another who did not share her forgetfulness. Directly the import of Lady Ludlowe's telegram was made known to him, Meadows despatched another to the Vicarage at Massingtown, giving the girl the news and suggesting that she should come home at once.

On the day when the message arrived it happened that Jane had gone for a long drive into the country, and, when she returned to the Vicarage, it was too late for her to set forth on her journey that night.

Mrs. Winter was full of anxiety on the girl's behalf when this summons was made known. She dreaded she scarcely knew what.

Jane reassured her smilingly, though the smile was a sad one, and her heart beat quickly, not with apprehension on her own account, but with some strange presentiment that seemed to oppress her. She was certain that Cynthia would express her annoyance in some way or other at this journey to Massingtown; but, after all, Jane thought wearily and with some bitterness, she had received such cold and unfriendly treatment from her father's wife when there had been no occasion for it, she could surely bear a little more in existing circumstances.

She traveled back to Carno Court subdued and silent. She had left Mrs. Winter in tears, and had refused to let Robert Winter accompany her. Jane was not sure how Lady Ludlowe would receive the young man, and she would not willingly permit him to be treated with the discourtesy his mother had experienced.

"We shall meet again soon, I hope," she said to him as the train moved away from the platform.

As she was carried swiftly through the winter landscape, her eyes turned to where Wyefeild stood, solitary and stately. She would have liked to see Lord Hampshire once again, but he had gone away suddenly, and there was nothing to do but to hope that she might see him again at some future time.

Carno Court looked quite sombre when she arrived. A carriage was standing at the door, and the girl's heart sank with a sudden horrible chill.

Meadows came to greet her, and her eyes asked the question her lips could not frame. The old servant answered her as steadily as he could.

"Yes, Miss Jane dearie, Sir Richard is ill. It's a stroke of some sort; but it ain't serious—no, not at all serious."

Meadows did not speak the truth, and Jane knew it, but she forgave him because she understood his faithful heart so well. She went indoors without a word, pale to the lips, a feeling as of death upon her.

Lady Ludlowe was coming down-stairs with a strange gentleman. Even if Meadows had not spoken, Jane would have guessed the stranger's mission. He was some eminent physician, and the sight of him stirred the depths of her old fervent love, of her childhood's passion and adoration.

"Oh," she cried, stretching out her hands to Cynthia imploringly, "tell me, please—please tell me—is—is there any danger—is——. Oh, my daddy—my dear, dear daddy!" she faltered brokenly, hardly knowing what words escaped her, only conscious of the dull agony at her heart.

Cynthia looked at her coldly.

"There is great danger," she said, without a scintilla of sympathy or a note of pain in her voice. "Please control yourself, Jane; it is imperative there should be no excitement or agitation."

The girl shrank back, stung by the implied reproach. She noticed a kind, interested look on the physician's face, but he did not speak. Cynthia drew him on.

"That is Sir Richard's only child," she said, in a clear low tone, "spoilt to the last degree, as you may imagine, and extremely hysterical. I shall most certainly have to keep her out of the sick-room, or your patient will be very soon in a worse state than he is now."

The Doctor glanced sharply at Lady Ludlowe.

"Quiet is of course absolutely imperative, as you have just said, but still, if you counsel moderation"—Jane's grief had appealed to the man's heart—he had daughters of his own, and he also understood human nature—"I am sure she will be most obedient," he added, with a backward glance of commis ration.

Cynthia smiled faintly.

"I want to get my husband better if possible," she rejoined coldly, "and I must act according to what I know is wise and best. Will you please tell me again your last instructions, Doctor Marsh? And when did you say I might expect the nurse you recommend?"

Doctor Marsh accepted the hint conveyed in Lady Ludlowe's words. He said no more about Jane, and they stood in the hall earnestly discussing the sick man.

When the Doctor's carriage was driven away, the door was shut, and Meadows had disappeared with Jane's maid and the luggage, Cynthia came slowly across the hall to where Jane sat, not crying, but with her head bent, her hands clenched tightly, her attitude expressing but too eloquently the terrible grief and pain that were in her heart.

"I wish to speak to you," said Cynthia curtly. She was so far lost in her miserable and most unworthy dislike and jealousy as to be annoyed now that this strange Doctor should have shown any slight interest for the sick man's child. "I wish to have an explanation of your conduct, Jane. How is it that the moment your father and I left the house you acted so contrary to our desires as to do what you did this Christmas? I consider your conduct nothing less than dishonorable; and Sir Richard would share my opinion, I know, were he in a fit state to speak on the matter."

Jane did not move for a moment; then she raised her head and looked straight into Cynthia's eyes. She stood up wearily, as though her limbs were weighted with iron.

"I know," she said bitterly, her voice low and dull—"I know that you can find no good in me or in anything that I do; I have therefore no explanation to offer to you, Lady Ludlowe. If any explanation is required, I will give it to my father when—when he is able to ask me for it. I think—unless indeed he is changed altogether from his old kind dear self—he will acquit me of dishonorable conduct now or at any time."

Cynthia flushed hotly, for Jane's quiet dignified bearing was a severe blow to her.

"I think we had better understand each other, Jane," she said, with a quietness that was a mask to her real feelings; "as you will have to regard me henceforth as your proper guardian, it is as well we should understand one another."

"While my father lives," interposed Jane steadily, "I recognize no other guardian but him. I shall be dutiful and obedient to none but him."

"To all practical intents and purposes your father is already dead. He may live for years, but he will be a living corpse," rejoined Cynthia swiftly and cruelly.

She was conscious of her cruelty, but her anger had mastered her. She had been furious, when she had arrived at Carno Court the day before, bringing its poor stricken master back from Paris as quickly and as carefully as his condition would permit, to find Jane gone to one who she had determined should never have a place in the girl's life again. She was in a mood ripe for some excuse for anger.

Sir Richard's most terrible and unexpected illness had unhinged her. She shuddered at the thought of the pitiful wreck that was all she could now call her husband. At any time suffering and illness were distasteful to her. She had tended her mother assiduously during her many illnesses, but she had done it at a great cost to herself, simply because her mother was so weak and dependent upon her for everything. The thought of what her life must be now with this poor stricken paralytic creature for her perpetual companion revolutionized Cynthia's whole nature.

Her apathy left her; her calm cold bearing disappeared; she felt like a caged wild animal in the first moment of realizing this destruction to her social life and worldly triumph. She had no pity for the man in respect of the awful blow that had fallen upon him; she shrank from him with a feeling of unconquerable aversion; her heart was full of hot resentment against fate, against him. She had sacrificed her life, she had overruled her best impulses, to attain—what? A career of wealth most certainly, but also a career of endless regret, of restless longing, of self-disgust and moral degradation!

Cynthia had never imagined such a fate as this. She had suffered deep mortification when the news of George Nugent's good fortune had come to her; she had felt her own good fortune robbed of half its value when this had happened; still there had been much left to her; and, although she had never had the faintest spark of affection for the man she had married, she could not have failed to be proud of her conquest. On all hands she heard admiration and ceaseless wonderment expressed for the brain-power, the phenomenally strong individuality of the man who had made her his wife.

The fact of his great mental power had won from her a tribute of sincere respect and admiration, and there had been a triumph in the thought that she and she alone could dominate this mighty brain, that by a word she could win her slightest wish from this man. It had never dawned upon her that there could come an end—and such an end!—to her husband's supremacy. She knew Sir Richard was not in his first youth, but she had never called him old—and indeed his love for her had transformed him and given him a renewed youth in his middle age, so that he had seemed far less old than his years. Thus his unexpected physical collapse was a terrible blow to Cynthia. Her resentment showed itself immediately she realised the truth. It was as though he had cheated her, marrying her under a false guise and holding out a false future. She felt weighted by the chains this marriage had flung about her. She returned to Carno Court outwardly as much like herself as usual, but in her heart feeling like a prisoner going to gaol from which there was no escape—at least not for years. That was the worst feature of all. In his present condition, Sir Richard Ludlowe, though he would never recover the use of his crippled limbs or his mental power, might linger for many years.

Cynthia turned eagerly to the one means within her power of giving vent to her anger. It was a poor satisfaction to find relief in such a way, but the dislike she had always felt for Jane became more clearly defined now that her heart was full of hot resentment for the cruel trick fate had played her.

Lady Ludlowe had one source of pleasure at this moment, and that was the knowledge that her husband had made a will just before leaving Carno Court, in which he bequeathed everything he possessed to his wife, making her absolute guardian of his child and arbitrator of Jane's future. It was not the knowledge of this great wealth that afforded Cynthia the satisfaction she now felt. She loved money, but she was not mean or mercenary, and, though it was left in her hands to deny Jane even a farthing out of Richard Ludlowe's fortune, such a determination never entered her thoughts. She would grudge the girl nothing; she should have everything she needed, and more. It was the knowledge that the girl henceforth must be subservient to her will that afforded Lady Ludlowe the only gleam of satisfaction in this miserable moment. She told herself she would do nothing harsh or unjust to Jane; but she was determined to subdue the proud defiant young spirit, to bend the girl exactly to her will.

Up to now there had been no direct demonstration of Jane's feelings, except on the one occasion of Mrs. Winter's dismissal, and then the girl had spoken to her father and not to Cynthia; but now there was no misunderstanding. The glove had been thrown down, and Jane had shown her defiance with a dignity and a pride that Cynthia could not fail to recognize.

In this moment she struck out with the weightiest weapon at her command. In other circumstances she must have paused before uttering the blighting truth so coldly and so cruelly, but Jane's words and manner were so unpalatable that Lady Ludlowe thrust all compunction on one side simply to satisfy the impatient irritation in her heart.

The cry that broke from Jane's white lips when she heard the terrible truth made Cynthia wince for a moment and realize how pitiful was her jealous revenge on one who had never harmed her in thought or deed. It was only for a moment however. She turned her eyes away from Jane's white face and said coldly—

"In these circumstances therefore you will see that it is useless for you to speak of referring matters to your father; he is powerless to judge, powerless to act; he will never act or think for himself again. Henceforth I am your guardian, and it is from me you must take your commands."

Jane looked at her step-mother as though distracted. She did not realize the full meaning of the cruel words; she was impervious to any individual pain or humiliation at that moment; she thought only of the poor father whom she had loved better than her life.

"Oh, if Heaven would let me die instead of him!" she cried. "Oh, my darling, oh, my father, my dear, dear good father, you are more to me than my life! If death has come to you, I do not want to live any more! I want nothing but you, nothing but your love. Oh, my daddy, my daddy, if you could only know how I love you! You shall not die, dear, you shall not die! I will be your life, I—I——"

The words broke off with a gasping sob. Suddenly the strength and the agony faded away together; the girl put out her hands in a blind helpless fashion, and Cynthia seized them in time to let Jane fall back helpless into a chair.

When Meadows came hurrying in in answer to the sharp summons of his mistress, she was bending over the still white face, her own scarcely less white.

"Miss Jane has fainted; send her maid and bring me some water and some salts," she said, as cold and proud as ever.

But, as she stood there, helping to restore the girl to consciousness, Cynthia Ludlowe had little pride for herself in her heart, and the bitter truth was forced upon her that, let the triumph of her will over Jane's spirit be ever so great, she must always confess herself the inferior being, and that, no matter what she might do in the future, she would never be able to touch or to harm the simplicity and nobility of Jane Ludlowe's nature. This knowledge was not only a humiliation and a reproach to Cynthia Ludlowe; it was a spur to her antagonism and as fuel to the sullen fire of undefined dislike and jealousy of her husband's child that had taken possession of her.

CHAPTER XII.

OF the many who heard the news of Sir Richard Ludlowe's most unexpected physical collapse with surprise and regret, none was more genuinely shocked at the event than Lady Montrose. Cynthia's aunt had always had a keen admiration for Sir Richard Ludlowe and for the success he had won for himself, and this admiration had deepened into liking when she had received such charming courtesy from his hands during her short stay at Carno Court. The good that lay beneath her worldliness and selfishness rose to the surface when she thought of him. She was full of unbounded pity for the poor stricken man, and tears started in her eyes as she pictured what this sorrow would mean to the girl who loved him so tenderly.

It was not possible for Lady Montrose to withhold almost as great a measure of pity and sympathy from her beautiful niece, whose social triumph was checked—perhaps blighted—by this terrible and unexpected occurrence. She regarded Sir Richard's condition as nothing less than a calamity for Cynthia; and in the sincerity of her sympathy and regret she forgot all the cold and unfriendly treatment meted out to her by Lady Ludlowe. Despite the kindliness that lay deep down in her heart, Lady Montrose was of the world most worldly; she found her greatest delight in the world, and this blow struck at her niece's career appealed to her most strongly.

Strangely enough, instead of resenting and rejecting her aunt's warmly-expressed and freely-offered sympathy, Lady Ludlowe seemed to find a pleasure and a solace in it.

Lady Montrose wrote to Mrs. Denistoun immediately the news from Carno Court reached her. The letter had been given to Cynthia by her mother, not without a certain amount of nervousness and hesitation, for Mrs. Denistoun knew that her daughter had no love for the writer. Lady Ludlowe had however read the loosely-scrawled epistle carefully, her face expressing no emotion while she did so; but, as she rose to return to her post in the sick-room, she gave the letter back to her mother, and said, in her usual cold quiet way—

"When you write to aunt Susan, mamma, you might say that I shall be glad to see her if she can make it convenient to come here for a day or two some time soon;" and then she went away, proud and beautiful, despite the severity of her gray stuff gown and the pallor of her face.

These were gloomy days at Carno Court; how they passed, Cynthia could hardly have told. She did everything that was requested of her, going about the house like a queen. She sat for many hours in the sick-room, she issued her orders, and she superintended the continuation of Jane's studies, shutting her eyes and her heart firmly against the girl's white wan face, which asked so eloquently to be allowed a share of the nursing, watching, and tending of the poor shattered creature in the silent darkened bed-room.

Cynthia was thorough. She had at once determined that Jane should not nurse her father, and that she should continue to study; and she carried out her determination resolutely. The governess she had chosen during her short visit to Paris duly arrived at the Court, and was established in the schoolroom that had formerly been the scene of so many happy hours under Mrs. Winter's regime. Cynthia had anticipated some difficulty, some rebellion on Jane's part; but she met with none. Every order she gave was carried out.

The French governess had been led to expect a difficult, even a violent pupil; but, instead, she found herself face to face with a gentle girl who looked very ill and revealed the burden of a devastating grief in the depths of her dark eyes. It was an additional vexation to Lady Ludlowe to note with what immediate liking and pity Madame Dufriche spoke of her pupil. She was annoyed, too, though she did not confess so much to herself, at the fact of Jane's submission. She would have found relief in subduing the girl; but Jane obeyed implicitly. The girl did all the work required of her, but it was as though she worked in a dream, and it was her governess who saw the danger that must accrue from this mental strain if it were allowed to continue much longer. Madame one day spoke openly on this subject to Lady Ludlowe; but Cynthia had an answer ready.

"Miss Ludlowe shall have medical advice. No doubt she would be better for change of air. If that is ordered, she shall leave here immediately under your charge."

Jane was seen by one of Sir Richard's doctors, who unhesitatingly pronounced the girl to be in a very poor state of health.

"You must go away immediately," he said, looking kindly into Jane's saddened young face before he sat down to write a prescription.

Lady Ludlowe was present at this interview, apparently engrossed in her occupation of writing letters. She started as Jane's voice rang out in protest.

"Oh, no, no, no!" exclaimed the girl passionately. "Oh, no—not away—don't send me away! I shall die if I am not near him!"

Cynthia's face flushed hotly at these words. So, after all, the submission was but assumed! She rose with imperious grace.

"You are talking nonsense, Jane," she said in her coldest fashion; "you will not die. People do not die so easily, believe me; and, since it is considered necessary for your health that you must have change of air, you will leave Carno Court as soon as possible."

The girl did not answer. She was looking straight into the doctor's face.

"I know I am not well," she said to him steadily, with a pallor that touched him at once, "but I—I think you do not quite understand me. It is not my body that is ill; it is my heart—my heart! As I am now, I suffer—oh, I suffer because I cannot do all I desire to do for him! But at least I have the consolation of knowing I am near him. If—if you send me away——" She broke off abruptly and put her hands with a gesture that was full of eloquence; then, with a proud and graceful bow, she turned and walked out of the room.

"She is right," the doctor said, as he gazed after her. "Her illness is of the mind, not of the body, and I verily believe she would die, Lady Ludlowe, if she were sent away just now." He paused a moment, then, as he took up his hat, added, "I think you would perhaps find a change for the better if you were to allow Miss Ludlowe to see her father more frequently. The matter is evidently distressing her very much."

Cynthia turned pale and made no reply; but, when she was alone, she sat down and let the anger within her rise to its full height.

"She may have him altogether!" she cried bitterly. "I am tired of him—I am tired of everything!"

* * * * * *

That night Lady Montrose arrived at Carno Court, and she found a very different reception awaiting her this time from that which she had experienced on the occasion of her first visit.

To Cynthia her aunt's presence was like a gleam of sunlight in the oppressive and gloomy atmosphere of the great house. She had never thought that the day could possibly come when Lady Montrose would have the power to give her such a sensation of relief and pleasure; yet such was the case; and, in fact, at this particular period there was no one in the whole wide world who could have ministered more successfully to her miserable state of mind than the aunt whom she had resolved, a few months before, should have no place in her new life.

Lady Montrose's bustling cheery presence dispelled the cold gray shadow that had hung over everything and everybody during the past month. She was sympathetic, but she had also a good fund of common sense and worldliness; and Cynthia felt as if she had been brought out of the precincts of a tomb into the warmth of life again as soon as she came in contact with her aunt.

Lady Montrose, on her side, was shocked at the change in Cynthia's appearance. Her shrewd eyes and ready wit grasped exactly all that was passing in Lady Ludlowe's mind. Her sympathy for her niece was increased twofold after she had been a few hours at Carno Court. Lady Montrose confessed freely to herself that the situation was one to chill and depress the proudest spirit. When she had caught sight of Jane, the impulsive woman had flung her arms round the girl and kissed her in silence and with tears in her eyes; but that did not prevent her feeling intense pity for Cynthia. She could guess so well the bitterness, the disappointment that surged in the young wife's heart; she could even understand the sullen resentment that had risen unconsciously but none the less determinedly in Cynthia's mind towards the man she had married. Her ladyship's line of action was sharp and decisive when once she was in possession of all the facts of the case.

"Have you decided as to whom you will choose to present you, Cynthia?" she asked in the most matter-of-fact way as she sat by the fire in Lady Ludlowe's boudoir on the morning after her arrival. "You will of course go to the first Drawing-Room—it is the best in every way.

Cynthia, sitting at her writing desk, flushed and then grew pale.

"What are you saying, aunt Susan?" she asked, without turning her head and speaking in a quick unsteady voice. "I am going to no Drawing-Room—at least, not this year. It is impossible!"

"Pooh—bah—rubbish!" rejoined Lady Montrose, in her most energetic and emphatic way. "It is my turn to ask you, What are you saying, Cynthia? Are you a widow? What right have you to renounce all your social duties because your husband happens to be an invalid? You must remember there is your husband's daughter to be considered as well as yourself. What sort of future are you planning for that girl? Are you both to remain shut up here for the rest of your natural lives? Why, you would be a pair of lunatics—nothing less!" Lady Mon-

trose turned from the fire with the air of a general dictating commands. "You must order your gown without delay—we are in February now, remember—and one for your mother as well. It will be best for Helen to present you."

Lady Ludlowe rose and walked over to the fire, her face agitated, but no longer pale.

"Please don't say any more, aunt Susan; it is really quite impossible—absolutely impossible!" she said, trying to steady her voice.

Lady Montrose leaned back in her chair and regarded the delicate painting on the ceiling with some attention.

"You will wear your wedding-gown, of course," she observed. "And Helen always looked well in dove gray. Your jewels will make quite a sensation, Cynthia."

Lady Ludlowe tore a scrap of paper she held into a thousand pieces and scattered them on the fire.

"It sounds so cruel," she said involuntarily, "and would seem cruel, too!"

"I did not give you credit for so much sentiment, Cynthia," rejoined her aunt, smiling; then she added quickly, "You don't suppose I would make such a suggestion if I did not feel it wise or right?"

There was a pause, during which Lady Ludlowe stared into the fire intently and her aunt leaned back comfortably in her chair.

"But there—don't, for Heaven's sake, Cynthia, let me urge you to do anything distasteful to yourself!" observed Lady Montrose presently. "Everybody looks at things from their own stand-point. You think it right and wise and kind to turn yourself into a widow or a nun or a sister of mercy for the rest of your natural life. I think just the opposite. In my opinion you have no right to bury yourself in a sick-room. You are a young woman, a beautiful woman, a very rich woman; you have a great position to uphold, and you cannot possibly uphold it if you shut yourself away from the world and settle down to a life of seclusion and desolation. You might just as well take the veil at once!" She shivered involuntarily at the thought. "I am quite convinced on one point," she added; "and that is that, if we could only refer the matter to your husband, he would say unhesitatingly that you were wrong and I was right."

Cynthia turned away, walked to the window, then walked back again.

"You have quite upset me, aunt Susan," she said unsteadily. "I give you my word such a thought as that never crossed my mind for an instant."

"I believe you," Lady Montrose replied placidly; "otherwise you would not look as careworn and changed as you do. My dear girl, what you proposed to do was in every way praiseworthy from a sentimental point of view; but fortunately quixotism has no place in the nineteenth century. Put your case in a nutshell. Sir Richard Ludlowe, millionaire, married you because he loved you, because he held you worthy to manage his fine home and utilize his wealth. Had this shocking thing not happened to him, you would assuredly have made your entree into society as Lady Ludlowe this coming season. Your husband unfortunately is suddenly struck helpless; he lies a wreck; he may so lie for years to come. He is in no danger, and, if you were to tend him day and night, you would not advance his recovery in the least. In this state of affairs you are left custodian of his fortune, his name, and his child; and I say again most emphatically that this charge upon you demands your attention as a woman of spirit and of the world, not the weakness, the folly, the mistake of such a renunciation as you contemplated. Now I have said all I have to say, Cynthia; it is for you to make your decision and abide by it."

Cynthia Ludlowe moved back slowly to her writing-table, and for some minutes there was silence in the room. Her aunt's words had set her heart beating wildly. She felt suddenly that she should go mad if she continued the dull, sombre, gray life that had lived since her return to Carno Court. She had grown so tired of it all; her pride, her courage, her antagonism all melted away in the bright delicious gleam of warmth and satisfaction that her aunt's suggestion brought to her. Cynthia's nature was in no way superior to Lady Montrose's; they had a different way of dealing with things—that was all. There was more outward show of pride, delicacy, and refinement in the younger woman, but the same ambitions, the same desires actuated them both. Had it not been so, Cynthia would never have deserted George Nugent to marry Richard Ludlowe, nor would she now have let the worldly wisdom and selfish reasoning of her aunt outweigh all the moral principle, the sense of honesty, gentleness, and right which whispered so feebly in favor of her doing her duty to her husband, no matter at how great a sacrifice to her own inclinations.

Lady Montrose understood the meaning of the silence that followed, and she laughed softly to herself as she sat thinking. She was perfectly sincere in the advice she had given to Cynthia, but she had never imagined that it would be accepted so easily; she had thought that Cynthia, whatever her real feelings might be, would endeavor at least to prove that that she was of different fibre from the rest of the world. Her ladyship could not resist a sensation of intense satisfaction as she conjured up a picture of Cynthia as she had been and contrasted it with Cynthia as she was now. Having however indulged for a moment in this weakness, she at once forgot the past, and devoted all her thought and attention to the subject of Lady Ludlowe's Drawing-Room toilette and the necessary arrangements for her speedy appearance in the world of society and fashion.

The end of the matter was that by the time luncheon was announced everything had been more or less definitely settled; and Lady Montrose was in a high state of satisfaction. Cynthia had, it was true, made no declaration of her intentions, but she had listened in silence to all her aunt had said, and the elder woman knew that her advice would be accepted and her plans carried out. As she sat at the luncheon-table and glanced now and then from Cynthia's loveliness to Jane's pale grief-worn face, Lady Montrose told herself that she had done well not only for her sister's child's, but for the child of the man who lay in the shadow of a living death.

"A little more of Cynthia's harsh rule and this girl would break down utterly. Her eyes seem to pierce my heart. I expect Cynthia has practiced as much refined cruelty towards her as a woman of nature knows how. Well, I shall have done something to alter all that. Little Jane will find happiness and life in being allowed to nurse that poor creature, and Cynthia, I fancy, will not display so much desire for the sick-room when once she has shown herself in the world. She will have the joy of knowing that every woman's heart is full of envy for her jewels, and she will soon prefer this joy to the mean satisfaction of exercising power and spite over a child whom she hates without knowing why. It is not a bad day's work, certainly!"

This was the burden of Lady Montrose's thoughts, and, though she had not set out on her present course with the intention of giving Jane happiness and diverting Cynthia from her unworthy dislike and jealousy, these results would assuredly be forthcoming when the plan she had started was carried into action.

So cleverly did Lady Montrose play her game that before another week had passed she traveled up to town accompanied by Lady Ludlowe, Mrs. Denistoun, and a small retinue of servants, and Jane was was installed mistress and guardian of her father's sick-room.

* * * * * *

Lord Hampshire returned to England about the beginning of April. He had wandered many thousand miles since he had left Massingtown so abruptly at Christmas-time; but he had wandered in a listless half-hearted way, trying to make himself believe that he found enjoyment in his travels, but finding none. He had certainly a cynical amusement in remarking how eagerly his society was courted nowadays, in noting what an important and desirable person he had become; but this amusement was, after all, a bitter one, and stirred up a train of caustic and harsh thoughts. He could have found a ready welcome in the highest and most exclusive places; but he proved to be a singularly difficult and, in a social sense, unsatisfactory man.

His handsome face, his distinguished bearing, his courteous manners won him universal admiration. But already he was credited with a keen and gall-tipped tongue; and, though people admired him and desired his company, he was not liked as he had formerly been. Prosperity, it was agreed, had not improved him. The character he had won reached his ears in time, making him laugh bitterly and wearily, for prosperity had so little sweetness for him—rather was it a weight dragging him into a position he neither desired nor valued. He had been in Paris at the very time that the paralytic stroke had seized Richard Ludlowe. His heart was moved by no throb of pity as he heard the accounts of the terrible illness that had fallen so swiftly on Cynthia's husband. For Richard Ludlowe he had no strong feelings one way or another; but towards Cynthia the desire for revenge seemed to grow more fiercely each day till it threatened to dominate him altogether.

His first thought, when he heard of the blow that had fallen upon her new life, was one of savage joy that she should taste disappointment so early and in such a form; and so far lost was he in this unworthy state of mind that, when the thought of Sir Richard's possible death occurred to him, he felt a touch of sullen anger, as though in this problematical freedom he saw a mitigation of Cynthia's mortification and disappointment, and a new triumph for the girl who had wronged him so greatly and bought her wealth and grandeur at such a terrible cost to himself.

He traveled from one Continental city to another. He had quickly abandoned his first intention of going on a shooting expedition. In the evil that had fallen upon him he had lost all zest and delight in his old amusements and habits; he showed himself everywhere, but was intimate with none, and he made no friends. Wherever he went he found the topic of Sir Richard's illness a general and a favorite one. News of the household at Carno Court reached him at every town, and he very soon heard of Cynthia's emancipation from the sick-room. Comment was passed freely on this action of Lady Ludlowe's; and the world criticized her rather harshly.

Lord Hampshire smiled cynically as he listened to the expressions of disapproval that fell from the lips of the fashionable women touching this matter. He told himself there was not one of them who would not have done exactly what Cynthia had done, though they professed to be so horrified. He had a very poor opinion of all human beings, but of women more especially.

"The only difference is that Cynthia is honest in her worldliness," he said to himself; and he laughed bitterly as he recalled the absolute honesty with which she had laid bare her selfishness and unworthiness before him on that night at the Opera. It was speedily known, too, that Lady Ludlowe's position, future as well as present, was more than secure. She was credited with an extraordinary amount of shrewdness and cleverness in having persuaded her husband to settle all his wealth on her just the very week before his seizure.

Society could not fail to congratulate Lady Ludlowe on this most satisfactory point, although there was a general feeling that it was also decidedly "rough" on Sir Richard's only child, who for so many years had naturally regarded herself as her father's sole heiress.

"I am told she is an ugly little creature, too," some one remarked one day in Lord Hampshire's presence—"an insignificant dowdy little person. So much the worse for her! Aided by her father's fortune, there would no doubt have been some chance for her; but, as it is, I don't suppose Lady Ludlowe will do much to help her. How I should hate my step-mother if I were she! Perhaps she does."

Lord Hampshire listened in silence. These careless slanderous words hurt him, and made his heart palpitate a little with an unconscious desire to stand forward as champion for the young creature who was being so falsely described. There rose up before him a picture of the little village church at Massington, of a girl's pure lovely face with large wistful eyes shining like stars, of a sweet tenderly-shaped mouth, of a slender graceful form. And this was the girl who was called "an insignificant dowdy little person"! He half roused himself to speak some words that would sweep away this calumnious statement once and for ever; but he checked himself. The vision faded as the impulse passed, and he kept silence, the smile that was so nearly a sneer still on his lips.

By degrees he got back to London. The season was just beginning when he arrived. Spring had designed for once to be genial and smiling. The great city was looking its prettiest, with the fresh green feathering on tree and shrub, and with the flower-beds in the Park gay with stately tulips and multi colored crocuses.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Knitton: "You've got the account of that woman's suffrage meeting, have you? What's that big roll of paper under your arm?" Reporter: "What they said at the meeting." "And that slip of paper you are twirling in your fingers?" "What they did."

Bric-a-Brac.

Wedding Rings.—The use of the wedding-ring is first noted in Egypt, when the ring was the emblem of eternity.

Very Simple.—In some parts of Mexico, the party in power maintain their positions by throwing into jail their political opponents on the eve of an election. When the election is decided, the disfranchised are released.

Stone Bullets.—Bullets made of precious stones are rarities in warfare. But during the recent fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets encased in lead.

Dates.—In Upper Egypt whole families exist almost entirely on dates. The stones are ground and given to their camels, who relish them. Usually two or three hundred fruit-bearing date-palm-trees belong to one family. Some of these dusky fruit-growers own over a thousand trees.

Crows.—There is a species of crow in India which assembles in flocks of about twenty or thirty in the recesses of forests, and whose note is exactly like the human voice in loud laughing, so that a person ignorant of the real cause would fancy that a very merry party was close at hand.

Lobsters.—Lobsters are not peace-abiding crustaceans. They cannot be persuaded to grow up together peaceably. If a dozen newly-hatched specimens are put into an aquarium, within a few days there will be only one—a large, fat, and promising youngster. He will have eaten all the rest.

A Happy Country.—Serious crime is almost unknown in Norway. The punishment for murder is decapitation at the block by the public executioner; but during the five years I lived there (says a traveler) there was but one murder and no execution, for the simple reason that the murderer was never identified.

A Grim Trysting Place.—A graveyard is not a very cheerful place for courtship; yet there seems to be a good deal of billing and cooing going on in the Northwood Cemetery at Germantown, Pennsylvania. The directors have found it necessary to erect at the entrance a sign bearing these words: "Flirting is Prohibited."

Sherky Hill.—Near Milton, Ohio, there is a slight elevation known as Sherky Hill, which appears to have been the work of mound builders. Years ago it was much given to a quivering motion. Recently it has begun to "shiver" again, and its action is more violent than ever. The Indians believed there was a great tortoise under the hill, and that the shaking was caused by its efforts to release itself.

Odd Epitaphs.—In a certain cathedral city is a stone erected over the grave of a departed auctioneer on which "Gone" is inscribed. In a Sussex graveyard, in addition to the initials of the deceased and the date of death, a stone has inscribed in large letters the words "He Was." Two of the strangest, as well as the shortest, epitaphs are "Asleep (as usual)," and "Left till called for"—the latter carved on a gravestone in Ireland. A photographer has this inscription over his grave: "Here I lie, taken from life."

Appropriate Names.—In looking over an old directory, a curious gentleman found the following names, than which it would be difficult to imagine any more admirably adapted to the professions or trades of the persons by whom they were borne: —Dunn, a tailor; Giblet, Mutton, and Bull, butchers; Truefit, a wigmaker; Cutmore, an eating-house keeper; Boilit, a fishmonger; Rackem, an attorney; Whippy, a saddler; Breadcut, a baker; Coldman, an undertaker; Wicks, a tallow-chandler; and Bringlow, an apothecary.

In Siam.—The King of Siam is supposed to own the people, and each man in the realm has to serve for three, six or nine months as a servant of the government. At a certain time of the year the entire population is marked off to particular noblemen, or government masters. These masters are required to furnish workmen for government, and the men under them must obey. All kinds of work are demanded. Some men are required to give all their time to the government, and in this case they get nominal salaries. Those who give half their time work for the king fifteen days, and then have fifteen days off. The three months' subjects get no pay, and during the time they are in Bangkok they have to find themselves food and lodging. This work practically enslaves the whole population of males, and slavery is common in Siam.

During a hearing in the Jefferson Market Police Court recently, a woman among the spectators suddenly shook her fist at one of the policemen. When an attempt was made to eject her she resisted so forcibly that she was arrested and hauled before the Justice. "What has the policeman done that you should shake your fist at him," the Judge asked. "Nothing," replied the woman, "only he looks like a man I don't like." She was fined $10.

YOU AND I.

The winter wind is wailing, sad and low,
  Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;
The splendor of the golden after-glow
  Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge;
And this I read on earth and in the sky—
  We ought to be together, You and I.

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear,
  My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer;
  Heart, soul and senses need you, one and all.
I droop without your full, frank sympathy—
  We ought to be together, You and I.

We want each other so, to comprehend
  The dream, the hope, things planned or seen, or wrought;
Companion, comforter and guide, and friend,
  As much as love asks love, does thought need thought,
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly—
  We ought to be together, You and I.

"MY LADY BELLE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," "THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"I SHOULD say three in pale blue and three in pale pink, Lady Annabelle," suggests Mrs. Millar.

"Gracious goodness—what a brilliantly novel idea!" retorts her ladyship satirically. "Nobody of course ever before heard of six bridesmaids divided into pinks and blues! I think, Mrs. Millar, I can do a little better than that; and of course the decision of everything is left entirely to me."

"Of course," echoes Mrs. Millar, but admiring still—"your taste, of course, Lady Annabelle! And now, what would you——"

"White cashmere with topaz ornaments and yellow flowers, and white cashmere with amethyst ornaments and purple flowers. I have thought it over to the last detail!" interrupts her ladyship triumphantly. "I shall have the flowers specially made, the dresses made after my own design, and Mathilde undertakes the hats under my special directions; she was delighted when I described my idea to her; and it is not often Mathilde will condescend to approve a new idea, I can tell you. I intend my cousin Sir George's wedding to be unique, something to be remembered, different from the hackneyed groove of wedding ideas people seem unable to get rid of."

Lady Annabelle Broderick's haughty heavy under-lip curls contemptuously, while Mrs. Millar winces and feels more snubbed, and, as a natural consequence with a person of her character, more obsequiously admiring than before.

"Exquisite, indeed," Mrs. Millar says, with bated breath, though somewhat inconsequentially—"beautiful! Quite your own idea too, Lady Annabelle, I am sure?"

"Quite," answers her ladyship decisively.

"Lady Belle said she didn't care a pin for fashion, she would have laburnum and lilac and cowslips and pansies!" says some one in a nervous hesitating voice.

"What on earth are you talking about, Marcia?" demands Lady Broderick sharply, with a stormy smile on her imperious face.

"She said she would as soon be a corpse at once as be covered in white flowers," the person addressed as Marcia persists awkwardly, giggling, but looking rather uneasily at my lady's dilating nostrils and drooping eyelids.

"Oh dear! Well, really now!" Mrs. Millar ejaculates, looking scandalized. "Lady Belle was only in fun, I'm sure, Marcia, my dear! She has such spirits!"

"It doesn't matter what Lady Belle said or did not say," Lady Broderick observes shortly, her hard bright eyes fixed scornfully on the girl Marcia Millar. "Lady Belle Carnegie is little more than a child in years, only a child in her knowledge of the world or of anything outside her garden or her schoolroom. But, if I understand you aright, Miss Millar, you contradicted me?"

"No, indeed, Lady Broderick!" Marcia Millar protests almost frantically. "I'm sure—you know, Lady Broderick——"

"I'm sure Marcia would never think of of such thing, Lady Annabelle," interrupts Mrs. Millar, eagerly. "Marcia only meant——"

"Oh, I don't know what Marcia meant or Marcia didn't mean!" retorts her ladyship. "I told you the design for the bridesmaids' dresses was entirely my own idea, and your niece flatly contradicts me, and says it was Lady Belle who chose the flowers. Pray let me hear no more about it. I am worried to death with one thing and another," her ladyship says, with an air of martyrdom. "Sir George and old Lady Gardiner have left the direction of everything to me, and there is not a soul I can trust to do anything without being looked after."

"Well, you know," Mrs. Millar says with almost tender reproachfulness, "that in any way you can command me, dear Lady Annabelle."

"Oh, thanks—you are too good, Jane!" Lady Annabelle replies carelessly.

The heart of Mrs. Millar expands with gratification. She has been called "Jane" by her aristocratic friend whom she styles a "relative." Being the second wife of a wealthy plebeian brother-in-law of Lady Broderick, and having been found useful—most useful in consequence of a well-filled purse—and grateful for the least condescension, she has been patronized, snubbed, and set up and put down half a dozen times an hour, and admitted into Lady Broderick's second-class circle of acquaintances.

"Where is Lady Belle now, Marcia?" Mrs. Millar asks her niece with a certain significance in her tone which intimates to Marcia Millar that her company is not wanted, and she takes the hint very humbly and readily. She is used to such hints.

"I don't know, aunt," she answers in her queer, hesitating, awkward manner; "but she said she was going into the garden to lie under the gooseberry-bushes and read."

"Lie under the gooseberry-bushes and read!" repeats Lady Broderick sternly. "I really wish, Miss Millar, my dear, you would learn to speak a little more in accordance with les convenances. Such a speech!" her ladyship says, smiling frigidly. "As if you were a dairymaid describing the antics of another young person of your own class!"

Marcia Millar's poor pale face burns red at the reproof, and her frightened gray gooseberry eyes grow big and tearful.

"But that's really what Lady Belle said," she falters. "I didn't mean any harm, Lady Broderick."

"I dare say not, my dear; but you are a young woman of five or six and twenty, and Lady Belle Carnegie is a child of seventeen and a girl of high rank, the last female descendant of a noble house; and you really ought to be more careful in your mode of describing a young lady's rustic tastes," my lady says, smiling coldly, and viewing Marcia's frightened tearful face and nervous manner with steady disapproval.

"Where is Lady Belle; do you know?" her ladyship asks, as if to give Marcia the delinquent a chance of retrieving her error.

"I don't know, Lady Broderick," the girl says almost sullenly, the red burning in her cheeks still. "I think she said she would stroll—— '

"'Walk,' you mean," corrects my lady.

"Walk on through the woods to Woolston Abbey."

"Gracious mercy!" Lady Broderick exclaims in genuine anger and astonishment. "You don't mean to say Lady Belle has gone by herself to Woolston Abbey?"

"She said she would," answers Marcia, in her old frightened voice.

"Dear, dear!" murmurs Mrs. Millar, in a low tone of dismay.

"You should have told me at once, Miss Millar!" my lady says very angrily. "Lady Belle is exceedingly wilful, and you are exceedingly stupid!"

"I can't help Lady Belle going where she likes," unlucky Marcia replies, taking refuge in tears, and drawing forth her pocket-handkerchief. "She said she'd go, and she said she didn't want my company—she wanted to read Tennyson; and then she said, when she got tired of reading under the gooseberries, she would walk across the park and get into the Woolston Park Wood. I thought perhaps Sir George would meet her," falters Marcia, looking up more hopefully with an excuse.

But Lady Broderick's brow is very stormy, with lines of frowns showing her ladyship's anger.

"Yes, I suppose you thought that it was perfectly correct," she says, with icy contemptuousness, "that Lady Belle Carnegie should be seen 'strolling,' as you elegantly put it—strolling through the woods with her fiance on the very eve of her wedding day. Quite a romantic sight for the country bumpkins, I must say! I don't know what Sir George will think of my chaperonage," her ladyship adds, in angry despair; "but of course I did not think I was employing a person for Lady Belle's companion without two ideas in her head."

"What was I to do, my lady?" poor Marcia asks despondently, with a tearful sniff and a gasp or two. "Lady Belle is very wilful, as you know, and very quick-tempered."

"And you are exceedingly dull and slow of comprehension, my dear," Lady Broderick says scathingly. "If I tell you to exercise a proper and becoming surveillance over Lady Belle, her daily pursuits and her behavior, and so forth, I really cannot find brains for you to act correctly in so doing. You had much better not endeavor to fill a post for which you are so unfitted!"

There is something very terrible in this threat to poor Marcia Millar, for she bursts out into very audible sobs. Lady Annabelle poses herself with an air of weary disgust, leans her head on her hand, and closes her eyes.

"Marcia, I'm surprised at you!" Mrs. Millar says, fussily rising. "I'm really astonished at you—a girl of your age! Go upstairs and bathe your face and stop crying. What on earth are you crying for?"

"When your niece has done with hysterics, I shall be glad of your attention, Jane," Lady Annabelle remarks frigidly. "There are a thousand things to be done; and I want you to make out some lists for me. I have to call at Morton, the confectioner's, to-morrow and see those people about the marquee. I may also have to run up to town later in the day to see Madame Mathilde, and there are the church decorations to be completed yet, and——"

"'She was a child, and I was a child,
  In that kingdom by the sea;
And we loved with a love that was more than love,
  I and my Annabelle Lee.'"

There comes the music, sweet and wild, of Poe's weird song, warbled in a clear, glad, girlish voice; and at the open French window suddenly appears the figure of a girl, who pauses and looks in, smiling blithely at the uneasy face of Mrs. Millar and the haughty cold countenance of Lady Broderick—a slender, gazelle-eyed girl, with milk-white skin—albeit showing traces of sunburn even under the big gipsy-hat—and with irregular features, and loose silky brown hair lying in a natural fringe on the broad low brow—a girl with a sweet womanly tenderness half revealed in the depths of her shadowy dark eyes, with a high-bred imperiousness in her curling rose-red lips.

"Do you know, it's dreadfully hot this afternoon!" she says, panting, and taking off the rather battered gipsy-hat and swinging it mercilessly. "Or at least I'm dreadfully hot; for I have been running with the dog through the woods, and they made my gown in such a state!"

There are sundry muddy paw-marks all over the skirts of the clean but faded holland gown, and the young lady's tout ensemble is that of a rather badly-dressed school-girl.

"It's time I got married, to get some new clothes," she remarks parenthetically. "This holland has grown white from being washed so often, and—yes, I declare, my elbows are coming through it. I told Nancy so this morning, and she wouldn't believe me!"

"There has not been time, Belle dearest, to renew your wardrobe since you returned from Brittany," Lady Broderick says with gentle reproach; for the lanky gazelle eyed girl in the shabby old holland gown is Lady Annabelle Carnegie, only child of the late Earl of Hastonmere and bride elect to the wealthy bank director, and colliery proprietor, Sir George Gardiner.

"Hasn't there?" Lady Belle observes carelessly. But Lady Broderick's face flushes a little beneath the calm mischievous smile of those dark eyes. "It's awfully funny, do you know, Mrs. Millar? The bridesmaids are having such elaborate dresses, and everybody is having such decorations and ornamentations, that they've forgotten to make any clothes at all for the poor bride!"

"My love," says Lady Broderick, smiling very mechanically, while the stormy light of intense suppressed displeasure comes into her eyes, "your trousseau will be superb. There are two Regent Street houses at work on it!"

"Vraiment!" Lady Belle remarks, with that vexatious doubtful smile glimmering in her eyes. "How grand I shall be! Meanwhile I am reduced to rags, Lady Broderick. Poor darling old Sir George looked so scandalized at my appearance just now. I was exactly like Jenny in the song—

"'She draglet a' her petticoatie
  Comin' through the rye!'

I draggled mine fishing that tiresome dog Hector out of a weedy hole down at the Mere."

"My dear Belle," Lady Broderick says, with the air of one who prays for patience, "you do not really mean, my love, to say——"

"My goodness!" laughs Lady Belle, with a burst of merriment. "What do you mean to say?"

"Have you been to Woolston Abbey—alone?" asks Lady Broderick sharply and shortly, with hardly a trace of her suave manner left.

"Not quite," replies Lady Belle carelessly. "I was in the park, and I met Sir George walking along in a brown study. He did look astonished, and I think rather shocked, to see me—at least I saw his serenity so seriously disturbed. And then we met some people; and I saw Sir George looking nervously at my holland gown, and so I relieved him of my presence. And I've run all the way back with the dogs, and I am so tired, and—oh dear, I should so like some strawberries and cream!" concludes Lady Belle, with a deep sigh. "I meant to go up to Lady Gardiner and get some. They have plenty of strawberries ripe at the Abbey. I should have enjoyed myself this evening, only I met Sir George."

"Belle, my dear, you really must not speak so of Sir George," Lady Broderick says despairingly.

"Why not? It is the truth," Lady Belle answers coolly.

"But you really must not," Lady Broderick says sternly, whilst Mrs. Millar glides out of the room murmuring something about her niece. "You must not, Belle, rove about the country alone with your dogs, as if you were at St. Eustache; you really outrage les convenances, my dear," Lady Broderick remonstrates with her air of superiority.

"I won't do anything that is really wrong, and I won't displease you or Sir George if I can help it," replies Lady Belle as carelessly as ever, and dissecting a rosebud with an air of great interest. "But I don't care a straw for les convenances, and I am not going to make my life miserable for them—I told Sir George so!"

"What did he say?" asks Lady Broderick, rather curious.

Lady Belle pulls the rosebud mercilessly to pieces; and a slight pink flush suffuses her white skin, and a tremor is in her clear girlish voice as she answers—

"He said he only wished to see me happy."

CHAPTER II.

AND from my home in this foreign land, an exile and almost a beggar, I write to you, George Gardiner, as the last and the truest of my old friends; and I bequeath to you the last and best of my earthly possessions, my only child—only a child in years to your middle age; but you are, I think, a man who is young in heart and feeling; you are an honest, good, and true man. I say it, as I believe it, now when I am dying; and I know you will be kind and just and honorable in your dealings with my friendless, motherless child; and it is my last wish that, if you are free to marry her, you should marry her before she is twenty-one, or as soon as you please. Belle has been an obedient child, and, I believe, will not offer any objection to her father's last wishes. I believe also that, if you marry her, you will find her more honest and honorable in her ideas, as she is better-tempered, than the generality of women. Remember she is young, motherless, and alone in the world, save for the protection which Lady Annabelle Broderick may extend to her; for, after my death, I have left directions that my daughter Belle shall return to England at once; and Lady Broderick, for old acquaintance sake, as you know, will receive her."

He has read these few lines in the tremulous writing on the corrected sheet of paper scores of times; and this June evening, sitting alone in the shadowy solitude of the library at Woolston Abbey, Sir George Gardiner reads once again the words in which Francis Carnegie, Lord Hastonmere, bequeaths to him his daughter, Lady Belle.

"There is no love expressed in that letter, no love for his only child," muses Sir George. "Motherless, young, friendless. I am fulfilling his dying wishes, but what of her feeling? 'Belle has been an obe-

dient child,' he says; but he makes no provision for his child in her obedience sacrificing her life for a selfish death-bed request. Poor child! What can I do better for her if I refuse to take advantage of her father's wish and her own obedience? Poor, innocent child—too young to know her own heart or its possible feelings! And it is too late now to go back. Is it?" mutters Sir George, wiping his brow in perturbation. "Annabelle Broderick has hurried matters on so," Sir George continues. "We should have waited a year or two. I should not have listened to Annabelle Broderick's wordly-wise counsels. It is to her merely in the light of a business to see a portionless well-born girl well established; to see a man, middle-aged and possessing money, endowed with a fair young wife to display his wealth, and possibly an heir to carry on his name. My Lady Belle," he says, and says it softly and tenderly, as if the possessive sound of the title were sweet and dear to him, "my poor child, Heaven grant in its mercy that the day may never come when your spirit will utter an unspoken curse on the scheme and its fulfilment! It is too late to go back now, unless—unless—ay, even at the church-door," Sir George says passionately aloud, with the fire and fervor of twenty rather than six-and-forty—"if, even at the church door, the friendless, motherless girl will say to me, 'Release me from the promise, I am miserable,' it will not be too late—it shall not be too late—to go back from this unequal hurried marriage, which may bring sin and misery on that pure young soul! The day after to-morrow—only one more day, and it will be too late! What can I do? Shall I make one more direct appeal to Lady Belle herself—a direct plain appeal to her as a woman, Heaven help her, and not as the innocent, lily-faced girl she is? I know so little of her—the poor child who is my betrothed wife. I have been cowardly, afraid of Annabelle Broderick, or that empty-headed fool of a brother-in-law of hers—afraid of their ridicule on my anxiety, their satirical hints of—of—my tender regard for the girl whose warmest feeling for me is cheerful indifference, such as Lady Annabelle Broderick considers the proper spirit in which a fashionable young bride should come to her husband's arms. I have been cowardly, selfish, inconsiderate," Sir George groans, waking up at the eleventh hour thoroughly to understand what this was to which he had so calmly consented, and which he had viewed, in the brief time he spared from his pressing public and business duties for self-examination, as a proper and honorable and most satisfactory arrangement.

Sir George's cousin, Lady Broderick—a sensible and clever woman, a woman of the world—planned, executed, and brought to consummation this excellent scheme, of which her clever ladyship was pleased most heartily to approve. He himself had very little to say in the matter. Lady Belle said nothing at all, beyond giving a brief and careless assent by words to Lady Broderick's gracefully-assumed authority, and to Sir George Gardiner's formal statement of her father's wishes and proposal for her hand.

Self reproach, remorse, bitterness, and something very like hatred to Lady Broderick, awake rage in Sir George Gardiner's usually calm, self-possessed heart.

"Lady Broderick has wooed and won my wife for me at six-and-forty years of age!" he exclaims bitterly. "I might have wooed and won her, nearly thirty years her senior as I am. I might have wooed and won her heart. Oh, Belle, my darling! But it is too late now. I am only the second person in the mercenary contract, this legalized mockery of marriage—I shall never be anything better in her eyes. I shall never win one particle of the girlish love and devotion that her heart is capable of—never. It might have been. It is too late now!"

* * * * * *

His own last despairing words echo through Sir George's brain like the tones of a requiem as, stately, courteous, dignified as usual, he enters the drawing-room at Hastonmere and finds his cousin Lady Annabelle Broderick alone, and, though dressed for dinner, evidently immersed in business still, for she is reading a packet of letters and making notes in her pocket-book.

"Busy still, you see, George," her ladyship remarks, raising her eyebrows and smiling. "You have no idea of the quantities of things I have had to do. And I have Jane Miller and her niece hard at work; and as to Jocelyn Broderick, poor fellow—if he has been to the station and the telegraph-office once to-day, he has been six times! It is getting so dreadfully near now"—and Lady Broderick laughs a woman-of-the-world laugh—"so dreadfully near; and these tradespeople are so dilatory and stupid! As for Lady Belle's trousseau, I assure you I am in an agony about it, though Madame assures me it will be up to time, and Belle is displeased at the delay."

"Belle displeased at the delay?" Sir George repeats mechanically.

"Yes, I assure you," Lady Annabelle returns, with an aggrieved air and injured tone. "She actually reproached me this afternoon because her dresses were not home. And you know, George"—pathetically—"that I have not had one minute's rest since the time for the wedding was fixed."

"I know you have allowed not one minute's delay," answers Sir George curtly. "Where is Lady Belle?"

Lady Broderick opens her fine brown eyes at his tone.

"I am sure I cannot tell," she replies in an injured voice. "She said she was going to dress for dinner half an hour ago; but, since that time, Marcia Millar told me she saw her going down to the Mere with her dogs. She is rather wilful, George; and I do not like to worry or control her too much. She has had such liberty—poor Lord Francis, you know! She was allowed to run wild about that old chateau."

"Running wild about Hastonmere, or Woolston Abbey either, is not a very heinous offence, Annabelle," Sir George says, smiling slightly. "She seems to enjoy herself thoroughly, poor child! I met her this afternoon, with her dogs, and your brother-in-law Jocelyn Broderick——"

"Jocelyn! Was—was—I did not know—she did not say," Lady Annabelle interrupts, almost starting from her seat, and absolutely stammering and coloring with what seems to be sudden dismay.

Sir George looks curiously and sternly at her in silence for a moment.

"Is Jocelyn Broderick," he says—and he pronounces the young man's name with the formal precision of dislike—"in the habit of keeping Lady Belle company when she 'runs wild,' as you term it?"

"No, no, certainly not," Lady Broderick answers, so positively and sharply that Sir George, with the light of certain reminiscences flashing on him, knows it is false—"certainly not, George. How can you imagine such a thing? I am most particular—most particular indeed; and Lady Belle never goes out without her companion Marcia Millar."

"Her companion Marcia Millar was not with her to-day, and Jocelyn Broderick was," Sir George rejoins positively and coolly; "but, Annabelle, understand me most distinctly," he says—the hidden power and passion that were lying deep beneath his placid exterior becoming revealed in his tones, in the light of his keen bright eyes, and the paleness of emotion that spread over his face—"now and at all times. Lady Belle must have perfect liberty. She must, she shall be, above suspicion, or question, or control, save where her own honor or happiness is concerned. She has a perfect right and perfect liberty to go where she pleases or with whom she pleases."

"George Gardiner, what are you saying?" demands Lady Broderick, breathless at this new exposition of woman's rights.

"I am saying what I mean, and believe and intend," he answers tersely; "for I know that dishonor could never touch Lady Belle."

"You will be a most indulgent husband, George," sneers Lady Broderick, her lip curling, her thick black eyebrows arching scornfully. "Yet that sort of thing does not always do. Poor Lord Francis made a mistake in that direction, you know."

Sir George knows well to what she alludes, and feels, like a sting in his heart, all the covert meaning her speech implies.

Lady Annabelle Broderick might have been in bygone years Annabelle Carnegie and Countess of Hastonmere, but for the infatuation that possessed Lord Hastonmere for a beautiful penniless nobody, an officer's daughter whom he met at Gibraltar, whom, after a few weeks of blissful infatuation, he married, and whom he tired of—or she tired of him—a few weeks afterwards, and with whom he led a life of misery, quarreling, and jealousy, until his wife's temper and flirtations together drove Lord Francis to separate from her and send her and their child back to her father with the best allowance he could make from his ruined fortunes.

There were dark hints of poor Lady Hastonmere's conduct, which reached her husband's ears from time to time; but they might have been no more than idle slander. Before her folly and her husband's anger had quite completed the ruin of her name, she died—ere she was twenty-eight—and Lord Hastonmere was free once more; but his old love had in the meantime married, and so destroyed her last chance of becoming Lady Hastonmere and bearing the barren title she had coveted. At the same Lady Broderick detested Lord Hastonmere's frail young wife in her grave almost more than she hated her when living.

Lady Broderick received Lord Hastonmere's orphan daughter, who was named after her, with most effusive affection; but Sir George Gardiner wonders now, as he looks at her merciless smile and hears her cruel taunt, how he could ever have been foolish enough to believe that she could be in heart a friend in deed and truth to Lady Belle.

Sir George makes no reply to the barbed allusion to Lady Belle's dead mother, but walks away quietly to another part of the room—the recess where the grand piano stands.

Lady Broderick, rather regretting the temper she has allowed herself to betray, quits the room hastily in search of Lady Belle, whom she finds in the breakfast-room, which has been converted into a temporary work-room. Here Marcia Millar sits with a pile of white satin ribbon, cardboard, and orange-blossoms before her, making up favors and rosettes; and Jocelyn Broderick and Lady Belle are standing by, jesting and laughing at each other, and at Marcia, who bends over her needle and sews away for her life as Lady Broderick enters.

Jocelyn Broderick, a young man, the prevailing tint of whose hair, complexion, and costume is a faint pale yellow-brown, twirls his scanty pale moustache and puts his hands deep into his pockets, looking slightly disturbed also, as her ladyship enters with a rather significant suddenness and stealthiness.

"You here, Jocelyn?" Lady Broderick says, in measured tones. "I understood you to say you were going to Hedgely this afternoon."

"Changed my mind," Jocelyn Broderick mutters, getting the end of the slender moustache between his teeth. "It's quite too awfully hot this afternoon for riding, you know."

"And, Belle dearest, are you aware it wants but five minutes to dinner-time?" her ladyship inquires, with a sweet smile, but with the edges of her sharp teeth showing unpleasantly. "And you—oh, you are dressed! But, dearest, your sash is——"

"It's been washed so often, you see," Lady Belle says unconcernedly, looking over her shoulder at the faded blue ribbon. "All my clothes have been washed so often—as poor Nancy knows—they are utterly faded. I have been telling Jocelyn," she continues, with gay girlish fun in her pure untroubled eyes, "that it's a mercy I am getting married, to have some new clothes; but he does not seem to see it."

Jocelyn shuffles his feet a little, looking more uncomfortable, and Lady Belle laughs more heartily.

"Sir George is in the drawing room," Lady Broderick says shortly, looking from one to the other with an air of perplexity.

"Then I must go in and make myself agreeable," Lady Belle replies gaily, and flits away, humming the refrain—

"'And we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabelle Lee.'"

The sheet of music of this very song "Annabelle Lee" is lying on the piano, and Sir George is bending over it and reading the words as Lady Belle enters.

The room is shaded from the hot evening sunshine outside; and in the soft rose-hued light cast by the silken and lace curtains and the drawn blinds Lady Belle enters, her tread noiseless on the claret-colored Brussels pile, fair and slim and white as a lily in her muslin gown, with not a spot of color save the hue of the blood-red carnations in the soft folds of muslin on her breast; for on her way to the drawing-room, Lady Belle, for some reason, has impetuously snatched off the faded blue sash and, requested Nancy, her faithful old nurse and tire-woman, to "give it to the nearest scare-crow."

Perhaps it is the haste or excitement of this sudden decision that has brought the faint sweet flush into her cheeks.

Sir George looks up suddenly as the white figure glides near him—looks at the neat unadorned, maidenly gown, outgrown so far that the little kid shoes are frequently revealed—at the cluster of carnations, at the pure shy face, the dark eyes, and the fringe of silken half-curling dark brown hair; and, as Lady Belle meets his eyes, the faint sweet flush grows deeper and deeper, and mounts and spreads until the hue of the carnations even covers the ivory-white brow under the curling locks of hair.

Sir George struggles hard, fiercely, to say something—some kindly, polite common-place, such as he has always greeted her with until this evening, when he sees how fair, she is—when he knows, past all self-deception any longer—that he loves her with the one strong passionate love of his life, and dares not tell her—this ignorant, innocent child. What does she know—what can she know—of love like his? He tries hard to say something, and not stare and look at her with that passionate yearning admiration that will frighten and displease her—to say something courteous, something gallant, the gracious, pleasant elderly-gentleman's gallantry which he has hitherto always easily assumed. She will be frightened—she will be angry, he thinks—in furious impatience and anger with himself, for Lady Belle's eyes are downcast, her lips are trembling, and her fair little hands are locked nervously within each other.

"What beautiful carnations those are, Lady Belle!" he says abruptly at length; and his voice is trembling.

"Yes. And they smell delightfully, do they not?" Lady Belle answers. Her voice is trembling too, and her fingers are trembling as she draws out of the bunch one fragant variegated crimson-and-white blossom. "Will you have one, Sir George?"

Sir George takes the flower in somewhat discourteous silence; and the tremulous white fingers attempt to fasten the flower in his evening coat.

"There, that will do, I think," she says, a little ripple of a smile coming over the shy sweet face as she draws the stalk deftly through the button-hole. And then she endeavors to draw back; but two strong arms suddenly clasp her tightly round, and Sir George Gardiner, like a man distraught, draw her close to his heart, and covers her face with burning kisses.

"My love, my darling!" he mutters passionately. "My own love, my bride, my darling!"

One moment more, and those passionate kisses would have awakened her slumbering heart; one moment more, and the hand that held the master-key would have unlocked the treasure of her virgin love; one moment more, and the woe of sundered lives might not have been; but in that moment came the disturbing voice, the baneful presence of Lady Annabella Broderick, with her friend and admirer Mrs. Millar, and, creeping timidly in, last of all, poor cowed Marcia Millar. And the moment had passed for her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AMUSING INSTANCE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.—"My grandfather was returning home one evening from the hayfield, driving his oxen before a load of hay. He had tied an old mare, which he had been using, to the cart behind; but, happening to think of one of her favorite tricks of pulling, he untied her again, and, mounting, rode alongside, still driving the oxen. He fell into a deep reverie, as was his wont, in which old mares and all other vexatious sublunary matters were banished from his mind. But this serene state was suddenly broken up by his happening to think, when near home, that he had, when starting from the hayfield, tied that unruly beast to the cart behind. Entirely forgetting the precaution he had afterwards taken, he whirled about only to discover that she was missing from the place; and supposing that she had pulled loose, he rode back at full gallop in search of the stray vixen. In the course of half a mile he met one of his neighbors, a stuttering fellow, to whom he called out to know if he had seen anything of her. Before the man had half surmounted his t-t-t-s (perhaps from a comical expression in his face) the whole truth flashed into my grandfather's mind, and he turned back at full speed, without waiting for a reply to his inquiry, only exclaiming, 'Let her go; I'll not look her up.' But it was too late for him to save himself, and his neighbors never suffered the story to be forgotten as long as he lived there."

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW.—There was never a more perfect exemplification of the saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," than the way in which some Spaniards regard the achievement of Columbus in discovering America. At the port of Palos, from which the navigator sailed, a sailor was asked if he did not regard Columbus as a bold seaman. He replied, with a shrug of the shoulders: "No; for if you drop a chip into the water at this very point, it will float to Cuba. The currents are such that it cannot go anywhere else."

THE NIGHT OF DEATH.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Ah! life is short and Time drifts on,
Soon the night of Death will come;
When weary hands must quiet lie,
In the dark and dreary tomb.
Where helplessly the voice that now
Some sweet, loving words may say,
Shall evermore be silent till
It chants in endless day.
Then let us seize the hours that fly,
To speak kind words of cheer,
And win a brilliant crown on high
Where all is bright and clear.

MISSED AND WON.

BY S. D.

CHAPTER I.

AND so you're ruined, are ye, young gentleman?" enquired Uncle Ralph Digby, with some asperity, of his luckless nephew, Archie Butler; not that he was of an unkindly disposition, but that he regarded a modicum of severity as the due accompaniment of the tale of distress that had just been poured into his ears.

"Broke, uncle—stony broke!" was the dismal response.

"Um! ha! I suppose that means much the same thing. And what's to be done now, eh?"

"I—I don't know," replied Archie hesitatingly, "that's why I wanted to ask your advice, because with your experience——"

"I've no experience of being broken stonily, Archie," rejoined his uncle solemnly. "There was two thousand pound or thereabouts in cash and consols when your father died, and the lease of the house at Norwood fetched three thousand—don't interrupt me; I have a good memory for figures—and your father's partner brought his share of business for five thousand—ah, why didn't you stick to it, Archie? As fine a solicitor's business as any in Lincoln's Inn Fields!"

"My father never brought me up to it, you may remember, uncle; he wanted me to be——"

"Aye, aye, I remember, my boy; your poor father had ideas of founding a county family—Butlers of Butler's Castle, I suppose, or suchlike rubbish; better have stuck you to a desk in his own office, or sent you out to me to Lisbon to learn the wine trade; but there," continued the old gentleman, noticing, by the pained expression of Archie's face, that these strictures on his father's conduct were by no means to his taste, "that's all past and gone, no good crying over split milk. Your father left you ten thousand pounds, four hundred a year for ever, and you've spent it all in two years, and nothing to show for it, nothing whatever." Uncle Ralph appeared quite disappointed that there was no more tangible evidence of ruin. "No notion how it's gone, eh? Kept no accounts, of course?"

"No, uncle, except my bank pass-book."

"Aye, Archie, let me see that; so 'self,' 'self,' 'self,' 'Guinney & Guinney, £56,' what! the tailors—£56 to a tailor, well, I never!" and Uncle Ralph glanced at his own raiment, designed certainly more for use than ornament. "Ah, well, as we said, split milk—what does it matter?"

Archie listened approvingly, and decided that Uncle Ralph was taking a very creditably philosophical view of the situation.

"'Carruthers, £30,' 'self,' 'Carruthers,' 'Carruthers,' 'self and Carruthers,' eh," continues the old gentleman under his breath, "but Carruthers seems to have had the pickings of this pie. And who's Carruthers, Archie—not another tailor? A hatter, or a hosier, maybe?"

"Hatter, hosier, no, uncle!" replied Archie, smiling, in spite of his misery, at his uncle's mistake. "Carruthers isn't a tradesman; we were at Harrow together; he is one of my dearest friends."

"Dearest! Aye, aye, Archie, dear enough—dear enough," returned the senior, with what seemed half a chuckle, half a sigh, as he ran his forefinger up and down the columns of the pass-book. "I hope you've none dearer. Here's over £2,000 worth of checks in your dear friend's name. What, in the name of dear friendship, do they stand for?"

"Well, it's rather hard to explain. He and I went into a lot of things together."

"As partners?"

"Well, not exactly partners; there were no partnership deeds. Carruthers said documents only led to confusion in business matters."

"And you believed him?"

"Naturally, uncle; he had lots of experience, and I——"

"Drew the checks; and now you have the experience, and he—— Ah! the old story. And what were these precious schemes—horse-racing, stock-exchange?"

"No, uncle; not gambling, art!"

"Art!" what do you mean, my boy?"

"Well, Carruther and I held decided and, I suppose, somewhat peculiar views on matters of art."

"And they were——"

"That in all branches of art amateurs were capable of finer results than professionals, so we started a picture gallery for amateur painters, and a magazine for amateur authors."

"I wonder you didn't have a hospital for amateur doctors and a church for amateur parsons.

"That would have been absurd, of course," replied Archie loftily, but without advancing any argument as to where its absurdity differed from his own schemes. "Unfortunately, the paying public did not respond to us as we had anticipated, and now the shutters are up at the magazine office, and there's a man in possession at the picture gallery."

"And Carruthers—have you applied to him?'

"Yes, I have; but it's no use asking him for money, uncle; he only laughs and says he has none; I'm sure he'd pay if he could, he's the most generous fellow, lavish in tips, and gives cabmen just what they ask, or more—ah, you may shake your head, Uncle Ralph, but you don't know Carruthers."

"I think I've met something like him before this, Archie. It's easy to be free with your tips when you've the handling of another man's cash; I'm old-fashioned enough to prefer justice to generosity, if the two must be separated. When I was last in England, Archie, a gentlemanly-looking young fellow tried to ease me of my purse, by what I was told they called the confidence trick, and I fancy your friend Carruthers plays the same game, but for higher stakes than my young acquaintance could afford. Well, Archie, you must have another shy at him though it may be trying to get blood out of a stone; but if he won't help you, your own kith and kin shan't desert you, and now I think of it, you had better come along with me, whatever happens. You'll have a good long sea-trip, as I do not propose to land at Lisbon on my return, but to continue my voyage to Rio, where I'm about to established a branch. I expect to be in South America for nine or ten months, and if during that time your conduct meets with my approval, I've no doubt we shall manage to find something for your to do. If Carruthers pays up you'll be none the worse for having a little capital in hand; and, however that may be, I've a notion you'll be safer with me in parts where there's no great demand for amateurs and their works, so far as I've heard. Now to-day's the 16th of July; I'm due in Bristol to-night, and I've half the big towns in the kingdom to run through in the next few days, but I sail back from Southampton by the Lusitania, on the 26th. I've a free passage on board of her, and I can arrange for one for you; the owner's a personal friend of mine, as I ship all my wines by his line. So all you have to do is to find your own way from London to Southampton by mid-day on the 26th; I suppose Carruthers or no Carruthers, you'll be able to do that. Now, I must be off, so good-bye, my boy, till we meet on board; no, no, no, thanks, you entertained your aunt and cousins very hospitably in London last winter, when you can't have been as flush of coin as we thought, and now it's our turn, that's all. Good-bye."

And the old gentleman bustled away to escape from the torrent of his nephew's gratitude.

CHAPTER II.

I DON'T exactly know how it happened that Archie missed his train at Waterloo on the 26th; many things may have caused the delay, in fact, many things did cause many delays that eventful morning. Of course, having gone to bed unwontedly early, and having in consequence lain awake the first part of the night, when he did go to sleep he overslept himself; and equally of course, having over night, with great forethought packed his razor and shaving apparatus generally at the very bottom of his portmanteau, and having consequently to get shaved on his way to the station, he found every barber's chair beset by customers, each seeming in want of every ministration a hair-dresser can be called upon to bestow, shaving, hair cutting, singeing, shampooing, and what not.

Despairing at last of obtaining any attention, Archie had hurled himself into his hansom, and even then might have been in time had his cabman under the topography of Waterloo Station; but he didn't, and after first carrying his fare to the loop-line, and then utterly losing his way in attempting to explore the underground passage, he eventually arrived at the departure platform of the main line (whence, as all the world, except that particular cabman, knows one starts for Southampton) in time to enable Archie to watch the trail of the train by which he should have traveled disappearing in the direction of Vauxhall.

Now this was a serious matter; trains may be, and often are, missed; and no great harm is done. But Archie's case was different; the train to him was all in all, and he had missed it, and therefore it was that he stood on the platform, staring blankly and ruefully at the automatic machine, as if he would extract sympathy or assistance from that which was only invented to supply chocolate or butter-scotch; for, in sooth, he was at his wits' end.

As Uncle Ralph wished it, he had made further application to Carruthers, and, as Uncle Ralph had anticipated, without result. He found his dear friend in the entrance hall of the Tarentine Club (an establishment noted for its good living and well-cushioned upholstery, where attention to creature comforts was cultivated as a fine art), carefully fitting an orchid into his button-hole—a west-end florist sent him per contract three orchids a day.

To detect the slight shade of annoyance that passed over Carruthers' face on recognizing his visitor would have required a sharper observer than Archie, who received in perfect good faith the somewhat exaggerated bonhomie of his subsequent welcome.

Stephen Carruthers could see as far into a millstone as most people, and shrewdly suspecting the nature of Archie's errand, with no little sagacity invited him to lunch; to dun your friend for money, even if justly owing, is at best an embarrassing task, doubly so when, in this case, his victuals choke your petition.

Archie, however, managed somehow to plead his cause, and emboldened, partly perhaps by the lunch and partly by desperation, pleaded it more urgently than he had ever done before; but Stephen Carruthers put aside his pleas with a half-contemptuous laugh.

"My dear Butler," he said, in tones of quiet and not unamused reproof, "I can hardly tell whether you're joking or not, but I must entreat you, if you're in earnest, to be a bit more sensible; and if you are chaffing to put a little more fun into it."

"I'm serious right enough, you know that, Carruthers. You owe me over £2,000; well over that."

"Deuce of a head you've got for figures, Archie; it's a great gift—now if I try a simple job like marking a game of billiards I make such lot of mistakes——"

"It's not very difficult to tell the amount when my pocket's full of your I O U's," retorted Archie, not a little nettled by his friend's airy treatment of his just claims. "There they are," he continued, producing a very respectable little sheaf of promissory documents, and spreading them by his side; "now, what do you mean to do with them?"

"As those little autographs are by right of purchase yours, not mine, it would be the height of bad taste on my part to propose dealing with another man's property; but if I might be allowed to advise you in the matter, I should recommend your lighting your pipe with them."

"Good advice from your point of view, no doubt," rejoined Archie.

"What better can you suggest from your own?"

"Surely if you drive me to anything unfriendly, I can go for you on that paper."

"Yes, you can do that," Carruthers admitted without hesitation.

"And recover the amount due on it."

"Well that," Carruthers opined, "was not so easy."

"But hang it on the face of those I O U's."

"Quite so, my dear Butler, and if on the face of them, or the back of them, or anywhere else we could find the cash for the purpose I'd pay you back this minute. What the dickens would you have me do? You can go at me as hard as you like, though what good it'll do you to sell up a man who lives in lodgings and owns nothing in the world but a portmanteau and hat-box, I can't for the life of me see."

"But, hang it all, you owe me so much; there it is in black and white; and if, as you say, you haven't the money to pay you'll have to prove it—isn't that the law?" queried Archie, a bit shaken in his attack.

"I think not," replied Carruthers blandly; "at least theoretically it may be, but I believe what practically happens is this; if you say I have the money to pay with, you'll have to prove that you're correct, which is a distinction not without a difference from the law as laid down by you. You see, these little jobs cost the deuce of a lot in time and money."

"What! do you mean to say that——"

"I don't know much about the law of debtor and creditor, at least, not from the creditor's point of view," remarked Carruthers modestly, "but I've always had an idea that a petition in bankruptcy is an expensive luxury—runs you into three figures in no time, I fancy. Come, come, what's the good of grumbling because I don't pay you something I haven't got? Put those beastly things in your pocket before the waiter sees them. I'll redeem 'em as soon as I have any money, give you my word I will. If ever you find me with a couple of thousand about me, just come upon me for them, and they're yours. Now, let's change the subject, old fellow, its getting tedious; have a liquor, proper thing after peaches, I believe. No? Well, perhaps you're right, the young and innocent shouldn't start on liquors so early. Bill, waiter! Ah—yes, keep the change, something for yourself, you know."

Carruthers always tipped club-waiters in flat defiance of all regulation.

"I'm off to Hurlingham, will you come? No again! disagreeable chap you are; no pleasing you to-day. Hurlingham, cabby. Give you ten shillings if you're there in twenty minutes, without killing anyone or being summoned for furious driving. Ta-ta, Archie."

And Carruthers was off; leaving Archie to ponder on the steps, whether what he had heard was the truth, and to decide that, whether it were or not, he could not afford to discover.

And so it came to pass that on that 26th of July aforesaid, Archie Butler came to Waterloo Station to take the early train to Southampton—and missed it.

Rousing himself at last from the stupor which had been the first effect of the shock, he took a few turns up and down the platform, and tried calmly to face the altered state of his affairs.

"By Jove," so his thoughts ran, "this is a go; the last straw, and no mistake. Uncle Ralph does the right thing with a vengeance, and gives a fellow a leg-up when he has no right to expect it, and I must needs chuck everything away, like a——"

"Goin' on by this train, sir? Label your portmanteau, sir? Where for, sir?" this from a porter, rudely interrupting Archie's soliloquy.

"No, yes, at least I don't know. Where does it go to?" replied he, somewhat incoherently, for he had as yet scarcely recovered his mental equilibrium.

"Fast train to West of England, this is, sir—Salisbury, Exeter and Plymouth."

"When is the next to Southampton?" was the next enquiry.

"Southampton train just gone, sir," replied the porter, answering evasively after the manner of his kind, and producing a groan from the miserable Archie, who was only too well aware of the fact. "That were the nine o'clock, next at eleven-fifteen, sir."

"And when does it get to Southampton?" asked Archie.

This was too much for an off-hand answer from the porter, whose knowledge of the trains ended as they left the London terminus; but a brief reference to a railway time-table settled the question. The eleven-fifteen reached Southampton at one thirty-five, and the Lusitania was to sail at noon—not a moment later, as it had been impressed upon Archie—or she would lose the tide.

No! there was no hope; Archie had missed his train, the Lusitania would sail without him, and his uncle would never forgive this last neglect of his instructions.

Himself the most punctual of men, Ralph Digby hated and despised unpunctuality in others, and Archie now called to mind how seriously his own boyish shortcomings in that respect had in times past affected his relative's temper. Mr. Digby was now twenty years older, and what had tried him at forty was not likely to be easier to bear at sixty. Moreover, Rio, the port for which Mr. Digby had proclaimed himself to be bound, was a

matter of 24 days from Southampton.

Archie had been studying time-tables, and had all the statistics at his fingers' ends—he was not likely to write to his nephew during his stoppage at Lisbon, even in the highly improbable event of his having anything pleasant to communicate; it would therefore, be 48 days at the very earliest before Archie could receive a letter from Rio—more likely two months—and how was that luckless youth to support existence in the interim?

Secure in his uncle's promise, he had regarded the whole question of his future as comfortably settled, and had therefore, in the few days which intervened between the offer and his intended departure, expended his remaining finances in a few necessaries for the voyage.

His passage on board the Lusitania being secure for him, he had merely to reserved a few shillings for his fare to Southampton, and as he turned over the contents of his purse, he found them to consist of the sum of fifteen shillings and sixpence, which, with a stout portmanteau full of good serviceable clothes, constituted his sole worldly wealth.

He had parted with every scrap of jewelry, and had exchanged his gold watch for a cheap American timekeeper, hoping that an appearance presenting no sign of affluence or extravagance would the better accord with the humbled position in which he was about to appear before his uncle; and with the same view, he had chosen an outfit of the plainest description.

What could he do? How face the world for two months at least, perhaps longer, on fifteen and sixpence, and a portmanteau full of clothes?

A train was now filling for Portmouth, with people bound for Goodwood, Southsea and Cowes, noisy, well-dressed and happy.

They jarred upon Archie, who, to avoid them, lounged through the booking office to the outer platform, and there fell into the arms of Stephen Carruthers, who gorgeously attired, was as usual overpaying his cabman to an extent far exceeding that worthy's wildest hopes.

"Hullo, Butler!" said he, "what liars some people are! some one told me only yesterday that you had gone out to start a 'wine-from-the-wood' shop in Portugal, and here you are all the time. That's a shocking bad coat, old man, makes you look like a footman out of place, blessed if it don't. Label the things to Portsmouth, porter, smoking carriage, not too full, want something for yourself I suppose, there's half-a-crown, get me a carriage to myself, and I'll make it half a sovereign! wish I could afford to travel in comfort, and have a special; that's the worst of being a pauper, eh, Butler?"

And Carruthers strolled along the platform towards the Portsmouth train, attended by the obsequious porter who was ready to do anything for a gentleman so free with his small change.

Language would be inadequate to express how angry Archie was at his dear friend's pleasantries, he positively boiled over with indignation; that this man, who owed him a sum, which would have rendered him independent of his uncle's bounty, could travel first-class, with a carriage to himself very likely, and throw about half-crowns and half-sovereigns as if they were but half-pence, while he, Archie Butler, had but fifteen and sixpence in the world! pah! it was not to be endured—but the worst of it was that like many another unpleasant thing it had to be endured.

How dared that fellow, too, make insulting remarks about his clothes? He was a cad, Carruthers was, a low cad, and Archie was a fool not to have found it out sooner, and he was glad—I am afraid he went so far as to own to himself in unspoken soliloquy, I am transcribing from his thoughts, to see the back of his confounded train as it steamed out of the station, and he hoped he'd never set eyes on the ill-bred hound again; "footman out of place" indeed!

Archie was standing opposite a large advertisement wherein the merits of the Katharodermatic soap were alluringly displayed in the most ornamental of types on a background of looking-glass; and as he appealed involuntarily to his own reflection therein against the injustice of Carruthers' description, the sight of a very stubby chin reminded him that he had not as yet accomplished the purpose for which he had earlier in the day wasted those precious moments at the barber's.

There was a hair-dresser's shop handy on the platform, and, turning in there, Archie dropped into a chair and demanded a clean shave; then while the razor made play about his face, did his mind continue to revolve the same dismal problem—to wit, how to support existence for weeks—it might be for years or for ever—on fifteen and sixpence.

So absorbed was he in his thoughts, which led him, however, to no satisfactory conclusion, that it was not until he looked in the glass after the barber had concluded his labors, that he saw to his horror and disgust, that the man placing no doubt the fullest interpretation on the words 'a clean shave' had removed his moustache along with the stubble which decorated his cheeks and chin; and when remonstrated with, added insult to injury by retorting:

"Beg pardon, sir, you said 'a clean shave,' and I didn't notice no difference between the hupper lip and the rest."

Poor Archie was too down on his luck to discuss the matter further, nor would any amount of argument have replaced his lost moustache; so he paid his money, and wandering disconsolately back upon the platform, took a long look at his countenance in the looking-glass advertisement.

"Well," he muttered, "I shouldn't have thought it would have made such a difference. Why I look like a—a—yes, that brute was right, like a footman out of place!"

Time wore on, and still Archie made no effort to leave the railway station; he had no business there now that he had missed his train, but then for that matter he had now no business anywhere, and it was as good a place as any other for the settlement of the great question how to battle with envious fate on fifteen and sixpence. No! since his shave he had but fifteen and threepence; and he was now beginning to get so excessively hungry, that a further reduction of his capital appeared inevitable and that at no distant date.

CHAPTER III.

IT was now about half-past eleven, and Archie had just witnessed the departure of the 11.15 train to Southampton, wondering the while in a listless, unconcerned sort of way whether after all he had better have gone down by it on the mere chance of the Lusitania having delayed her departure, and as he turned on his heel after watching the train until it was out of sight, he cannoned against a new arrival who came hurrying across the platform, laden with hat-box, rugs, sticks, and other minor impediments of travel, to find himself, as Archie had found himself an hour or two earlier, too late for the now departed train.

"Confound it all," exclaimed the newcomer, as the hat-box rolled one way and the rugs another on the platform, "can't you get out of the way?"

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," replied Archie, politely assisting to gathering up the scattering chattels, while their owner, assuring himself by a glance along the platform that the train he was in quest of had actually all gone, turned upon an eminently respectable looking manservant who now came up in charge of the heavier luggage, and began to lay the blame for missing the train pretty exclusively to that worthy's account.

"What the deuce do you think I pay you wages for, Davis, if you can't pack a couple of portmanteaus and get them half across town in time for a mid-day train?"

"Couple o' portmanteaus do you call it?" grumbled Davis; "why, what with one thing and other, there's enough things there to take a man hours after hours to pack properly; however, of course, that's your affair, sir, if it's your fancy to travel with a tailor's shop to your back."

The words were not too respectful, but Archie was not prepared for the extreme resentment which they called forth from the man's master.

"Now look here, Davis," he said, changing the high tone in which he had previously spoken to graver and more measured accents, "I told you the next time we fell out it would be the last; I've put up with you and your ways long enough; I'm not going to take a cheeky rascal like you into the country with me, hanged if I am. Here's a fiver; it's more than you're entitled to, take it and your luggage and go about your own business, and don't think of applying to me for a character, for I shan't give you one, that's all."

"If you suppose——" began Davis in somewhat loud and angry tones.

"And if you suppose that I'm going to stop on this platform, and be bully-ragged by a discharged servant, till we've got a crowd round us, you're jolly well mistaken. Here, policeman," he continued, turning to an official, whom the noise of the altercation had attracted to the spot, "I've just discharged my man here for inattention and impertinence; if he thinks he's any further claim upon me he knows where to find me; just let him understand he can't annoy me here," and a half-crown found its way into the constable's ready palm.

All this time Archie stood by, holding the hat-box and rugs; everything indeed had passed so quickly that it had been quite impossible for him to move away; he had therefore overheard all that had passed, since neither master nor man had thought of moderating their tones.

The valet, somewhat staggered by the sudden shock of his dismissal, seemed inclined to argue the matter further, but the constable invited him in tones which seemed to admit of no denial to "step outside," and the two moved away along the platform together, while the young man took a hurried turn in the opposite direction.

"Gone to blow off the steam with a modest quencher, I suppose," soliloquized Archie, "thought so, lucky beggar," as the subject of his speculations disappeared into the refreshment room; "wish I could follow his example," and his mind was beginning once again to wrestle with the dismal problem of his finances, and to endeavor to spread fifteen and threepence over X, the unknown quantity of time, when the young fellow reappeared, and stood apparently lost in thought about twenty yards away.

He was about Archie's own age; perhaps a trifle younger, tall and slight, with dark complexion and hair, and clean-shaved, except for a small and carefully waxed moustache. His clothes were well-cut, but amazingly loud in pattern and color; indeed, with a large diamond pin in his white cravat, pink spots on his shirt, blue horse-shoes on his waistcoat, a fawn colored hat, and white spats, he looked, as Archie cynically remarked to himself:

"Almost too good to be true."

He meanwhile had been carefully regarding Archie; and what he saw before him was a young man of somewhat negative appearance, neither very short nor very tall, neither very fair nor very dark, plain of feature, and with an expression from which his present anxieties had banished its usually bright and independent air.

His dress way very plain; Archie was not the man to do things by halves; and when he made up his mind that his own tailor was not the man to be trusted with his outfit on this occasion, he bethought him of a little foreigner in the purlieus of Soho, who had at one time done some repairs for him, and who was accordingly commissioned to clothe the repentant prodigal in a style suitable to his humbled fortunes.

Right well had the excellent alien executed his task; and as Archie stood on the platform at Waterloo, no trace of his former extravagant self was to be seen—indeed, he had if anything overdone matters, and allowed his wardrobe to drag him down to unnecessary depths of self-abasement.

Suddenly the resplendent being in dazzling raiment pulled himself together, and looking as Archie observed, "like a hosier's shop-window out for a walk," strode towards him.

"Got the things safe?" he asked, "hat-box, rugs, sticks and umbrellas? That's right, my man, thanks for looking after them. Here, catch hold!"

And as he relieved Archie of his property, he thrust a shilling into that worthy's passive hand.

Archie's face at this address and the accompanying tip was a picture; but it was unfortunately lost on his unconscious benefactor, who had turned away, and was now moving down the platform to deposit his small parcels with the rest of his luggage; while doing so, the strap which bound together the bundle of rugs, umbrellas and sticks, being insecurely fastened, allowed those various impediments to scattered themselves loosely in admired confusion on the platform. Too lazy to pick them up for himself, their owner turned for aid. Not a porter was in sight, so he addressed himself to Archie.

"Hi! my man."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN DEPRESSED AND OUT OF SORTS, with a low vitality and moody spirits, a good Tonic, such as Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, will often set the system in order, and assist Nature in maintaining normal strength. It is the best medicine in the world for curing Worms in Children, ridding their bodies of pests which sap their constitutions, and which, if unattended to, render their lives miserable by their distressing symptoms. When used as a Tonic, the larger size bottles are the cheapest. Sold by all druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

ALUMINUM.—Aluminum is now to be used for engraving in place of stone or steel. It is claimed that, besides the advantage of lightness, an aluminum plate will furnish 3000 impressions, against 80 to 100 from a steel one.

COOLING.—Those who have tried the experiment affirm that a large sponge hung in the room, if it can be put behind a convenient screen, and kept constantly wet, will greatly assist in keeping the room cold; or a cloth hung in the window over the blind will cool the room as if a shower had fallen.

BOILERS.—What will prove a most useful industrial development is the application of electricity to the cleansing and preservation of boilers. The method employed is the sending of currents periodically through the shell of the boiler. By this means the scale formed on the shell and tubes is disintegrated and easily removed.

FOR WAR PURPOSES.—A device for stopping up shot holes in war vessels, invented by a marine engineer and accepted by the British Government, has been tested by the United States cruiser Chicago. It resembles a parachute with a rubber cover supported by steel ribs. It is pushed through the hole made by the shot, when it expands and clings close to the outside of the vessel, preventing an inrush of water.

THE DYNOGRAPH.—The dynograph-car is one of the most wonderful inventions in railway work. It has only to be rolled over a track to indicate every imperfection in the rails, whether it be spread rails, open joints, or defective iron. Suitable markings are left on the track, according to the fault to be denoted, so that the trackman who follows in the wake of the car has a large proportion of his labor saved, and can see at a glance where his repairs or alterations must begin.

BATTERIES.—The electrical apparatus used to give "shocks" is usually a frictional machine, not a battery, while that used for medical purposes is frequently a little magnetic machine, which is really a small dynamo. The simplest frictional machine consists of a large, circular glass plate, turning on a horizontal axis, supported by two wooden uprights. On each side of the plate, on the uprights which support the axis, are cushions pressing against the plate as it is turned, and so producing the friction which generates the electricity. In front of the plate are metallic conductors, supported on glass legs, to receive the charge.

Farm and Garden.

GRUBS.—Watering with a liquid composed of one bushel of lime and one bushel of soot, in 100 gallons of water, proved a valuable remedy for the carrot grub, according to the claims of an English gardener. The mixture was well stirred, allowed to stand over night, and the clear water then applied with a watering pot.

FRUITS.—Varieties of apples, pears and peaches are changing every few seasons, and a horticultural writer is of the opinion that when some strictly good kinds have been introduced they should be grafted upon the old stocks. In this way the character of the orchard is constantly keeping abreast of the times. When a certain variety takes well and sells well it can be propagated rapidly over a great number of trees.

TREES.—Many mistakes are made by the nurserymen when they send out varieties of trees. This is not done so much by them, however, as by those who are not careful in grafting. Where a large force is employed is it very difficult to be exact in such matters. When a fruit grower finds that his variety is not such as he desired he should graft the young tree again, but this cannot be done always until the young tree has borne fruit and exhibited the evidences of its variety.

WHITEWASH.—Trees that are whitewashed about three times a year, from early spring until fall, will be partially protected against insects, but the best reason for using the lime wash is the neat and attractive appearance of the trees after being whitewashed. There should be no "economy" practiced in using the lime. Apply it of the consistency of cream, and use it plentifully. If necessary apply once a month, during the first three spring months, and then once or twice during the summer and fall.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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Kinsfolk and Relations.

Most of us are surrounded with beings who may be described relatively to us as our kinsfolk. Of late years some fine people have introduced the word "relations" instead of kinsfolk; but it is but a lame substitution. A man's wife's sister's brother is his relation; is related, brought back to or connected with him by a certain link; but his own brother is his kinsman. To say that a man is a relation, is a general way of speaking of the person's connection with you, while you have still further to specify that he is your cousin or your brother.

A man's relations, moreover, may be relations in trade or other business; and indeed the word is so general, that unless it had been meaningless and puzzling to little boys, and apparently fine in the mouths of weak women, it is hard to say how it should have been adopted, almost to the driving out of the proper and really beautiful word. Even Charles Lamb has adopted it, in writing his fine essay on "Poor Relations."

How any one can be a poor relation or a rich relation, in the true sense, it is hard to say. One can be poor in his bearing towards another, and one can indeed be a poor kinsman or woman, in which case people will not be very ready to know him; or a rich kinsman, when, on the contrary, the scandal goes, his friends will very quickly find him out.

In spite of all the ill-natured things that are said against one's kinsfolk, probably every man, except he be a very cross-grained one, is glad that he has them. Blood is thicker than water; and although well-to-do and selfish people may ask why it should be so, and why a man should be hampered all his life by his kinsfolk and relations, yet the better part of mankind feel a certain warmth when they greet a cousin, and really do love their family and the ties it brings with it very much.

The best part of man, that is, woman, is always a stickler for "relations," as she calls them. If her husband or her father is only the sixteenth cousin of an earl, or is descended from or related, as most of us by a course of nature must be, to any rich or excellent person, a woman remembers it. She is a great genealogist. From a man's father one seldom hears to whom one is of kin; but from our mother we remember all our great consanguinities—how we are related to the Pograms, and that something of the Pogram nose is observable about us; or how our great-great-grandmother being a Jobson, we have certainly a Jobson mouth. The love of tracing a descent, and of registering the particular "blood" which flows in our veins, seems natural to woman.

The nearest kinship that we can have is that of our parents, and for each one of us have been performed those kindly offices without which we should not have existed. A great many men never repay the world the affection which has been expended upon them; and the complaint from man and woman, that they would they never had been born, is by no means uncommon.

Children are proverbially ungrateful to parents; and this ingratitude arises probably from the fact that they never fully realize, until it is too late, all that their own parents have done for them. When they have children of their own around their knees and at their board, they then know what constant watching and affectionate care children demand, and have, from the very nearest of their kinsfolk.

Of old, people used to rejoice in the circle of their family, and Goldsmith tells with pride the story of a French knight, who presented himself to his king at the head of twenty sons, and claimed a reward for having done so much for France. In patriarchal times the childless woman was reproached; but to-day we think differently from the patriarchs, and pride ourselves on having no incumbrances! So it is with kinsfolk and relations.

People are delighted while they are young and powerful, *or* rich, in thinking that they have no relations to be a drag to them, or to bother them. But these despised people are of great use to us in forming our characters. The sole son or the sole daughter is not only often spoilt, but must certainly have much less experience and a smaller range of information, sympathy and affection, than one who is surrounded by brothers and sisters; who, not petted, but checked and scolded, has to take a fair chance with the rest of the family. Brothers and sisters are indeed always valuable, and it is usual to find an immense deal of affection subsisting between them through life, in spite of the selfishness of the age.

More often than a brother, a sister will devote herself to a family, and will work for it, beg for it, fight for it, yes, and even lie for it in the most thorough way. She believes in it in all its troubles, and sticks closely to the old gang of kinsmen and kinswomen, through good and evil report—more often through the latter; for respectable and good families seem unable often to elicit such affection as bad and ne'er-do-well ones. When such a devoted sister marries, the husband is pretty sure to be bored with the ever-recurring story of the virtues of the family.

The selfishness which would disunite us from such ties, is like all other selfishness, short-sighted and foolish. It is a sign of a man's worth and integrity, in any state of life, when we find him surrounded by his kinsfolk. To look upon one's cousins, if poor, as incumbrances, and if rich, as those who may be flattered and cajoled because they may possibly leave some money behind them, is unfortunately by far too common; but it is purblind and detestable. It is indeed ill-waiting for dead men's shoes; first, because they very seldom descend to us; and, secondly, because when they do come they are frequently not worth having.

No man is required to burden himself beyond his power with working for great hulking lazy relations. The best service he can do them is boldly to push them off into the world, and teach them the beauty and benefit of self-help. But if a man be whole-hearted and cheery, he will delight in the good fortunes and pleasant faces of his kin; he will feel that there is something strong in the tie of blood; that around the home, which only a few years ago must have been a common one, the affections of the heart still cling. He will therefore help, advise, console, and push forward his kinsfolk, and realize the truth of the exclamation of the Hebrew poet—"How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

How useless it is to rely for happiness on "the world!" If you would pass through life in the easiest possible manner, shrink from nothing in itself virtuous and rational. Venerate only that which is inherently and changelessly right. Release your mind from the trammels of conventionalism, and suffer no other restraint upon your acts than that imposed by conscience and the Bible; so will you insure a sweet immunity from countless petty cares and annoyances, acquire an ever-increasing strength of character, and build on a firm and durable basis that inward respect for yourself which is incalculably more to be valued than the changeful approval of artificial people.

YOU are going to have your troubles as well as your pleasures. A man is not worth a snap that has not had trouble. You cannot subdue selfishness without a struggle. You cannot restrain pride without a conflict. You cannot expect to go through life without bearing burdens. But you are going to have help under circumstances that will redeem you from these things. You are going to experience more victories than defeats. Your sufferings will be only here and there little spots in a whole field of peace and joy.

WHENEVER unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends—we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

YOUNG man, look well to the end. Before beginning, look well to the end to which this beginning is likely to lead; and when once begun, have a care until that end has been consummated. Let not intermediate success engender a carelessness which will cause the final accomplishment of the whole design to slip through your fingers.

THERE must be something beyond man in this world. Even on attaining to his highest possibilities, he is like a bird beating against his cage. There is something beyond, O deathless soul, like a sea-shell, moaning for the bosom of the ocean to which you belong!

THE flower which blossoms to-day and is withered to-morrow—is it at all more actual than the colors of the rainbow? Or, rather are those less actual? Beauty is the most fleeting thing upon earth, yet immortal as the spirit from which it blooms.

HOW, like the shadow upon the dial, thought is ever returning to the place of beginning—where we first began to live, where we first began to love; to the homestead and the trusting-place, the play-ground and the grave-yard!

THERE cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to his creatures.

THE people who feel burdened with work, would probably feel yet more overburdened with entire leisure were they called upon to "enjoy" it.

WHAT a man has learned is of importance; but what he is, what he can do, what he will become, are more significant things.

NO man is made only for himself and his own private affairs, but to serve, profit, and benefit others.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

TULIP.—In the language of modern diplomacy, England, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia are called the great powers of Europe.

VENUS.—The Venus of Milo is so-called from having been dug up piecemeal in the island of Milo. It is in the Louvre, Paris. It was found in 1820.

P. M.—"Ne plus ultra," means "Nothing further;" "the uttermost point." "Semper idem" means "Always the same." "Vale" means "Farewell."

ESTHER.—To cure corns and bunions wear well-fitting shoes, that are snug on the instep and easy at the toes. The white of an egg is a good thing with which to cleanse the scalp of dandruff. Rub it thoroughly in, and then wash it off with soft water, either cold or warm.

ADA.—An orphan is one who has lost one, or both, parents; of course the latter is considered the harder case. Nor is the word applied only to children. Parents may be orphaned of their sons and daughters. Thus Chaucer uses the word to express the loss of children.

KINFA.—High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church are essentially the same upon matters of faith; upon matters of morality they agree; upon those of doctrine they differ considerably; upon ceremonial matters they widely at variance. To describe minutely the differences existing with the High, Low, and Broad Church, would occupy too much of our space.

TEMUL.—This correspondent wants to know where to find a "poem," the chief idea of which is, "They are going one by one; they are taking wives to cease their lives," etc. This must be a libel, not a poem. We are by far too gallant to remember any such rude reflection on the ladies. Wives sweeten our lives. The married women of this country are its greatest blessing.

TOPSEY.—The ancients hung their houses with black when any one died; and in the house wherein he died, the artisan suspended business, and literally "shut up shop." Hence we close our shutters; neighbors, out of respect, follow the example. It is an outward sign that the busy hands, the ever-working brain, the quick tongue, and the beating heart, have ceased their work.

IGNORANCE.—The moon moves round the earth as the earth moves round the sun, and the sun in its turn moves round some great mysterious centre. When the moon is in her first quarter, and advancing towards us, we see her easterly half illuminated by the sun; when she is passing away we look upon her westerly half until she gradually sinks below our line of vision.

L. M.—It is possible that you have been too devoted, and the young lady has grown capricious. It requires a little discretion to get along successfully with young ladies. Love must not be permitted to grow tiresome. Our advice to you is to give your lady a little variety. Do not be quite so devoted, and show now and then a trace of manly self-assertion. We warrant you will win her.

DOT Y.—The meaning of "Barmacide feast" is a feast on nothing, or an imaginary feast. It comes from the incident related in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," of the Barmacide's (so-called because he was a prince of the Barmac family) making a beggar, who solicited food of him, "go through the motions" of partaking of a feast, when, in fact, there was nothing on the table. That queer old joker finished up by giving the beggar a right royal feast, as a reward of his patience and equanimity in going through the torturing farce without asking any questions.

P. H. N.—"The Giants' Causeway" is a series of columnar basaltic rocks in the county Antrim on the northern coast of Ireland. For eight miles along the coast the land abuts upon the sea in cliffs of basalt, most of which are made up of rude vertical columns. At one place ranges of these piled on one another reach to a height of over five hundred feet. Though the name, "Giants' Causeway," is often applied to the entire range, it is proper only of one locality where there is a platform composed of closely-arranged columns varying from fifteen to thirty-six feet in height.

R. C.—Galileo, who was born at Pisa on February 16, 1564, and died at Arcetri, near Florence, on January 8th, 1642, had been twice summoned by the Inquisition to Rome, to recant what was called his heretical doctrine that the sun was immovable, while the earth moved round it. He did so on both occasions, probably reflecting that it did not much matter what he said to such folks but he held to his doctrine for all that. He was freed on the second occasion on giving the assurance that he would live in strict retirement for the rest of his life. This he did for eight years, being blind during the greater part of that time.

RAVEN.—Edgar Poe was a genius, there is no doubt of that; but he had more than his share of the eccentricities and weaknesses of genius. He was impecunious, and addicted to stimulants. The Raven means nothing more than despair, personified by a black figure of a bird entering into the chamber of the heart of a brooding, melancholy man, who may be supposed to have lost the sole object of his love. Poe, afterwards, when the verses were popular, wrote an account of the genesis of the poem, showing that, having hit upon the burden of the song, "Never, never more," he built it up, beginning with the last verse first.

A WILL AND A WAY.

BY F. F. T.

There's an adage that no one should ever forget,
As he travels through life's rugged road,
And, encumber'd with care, looks around him in vain,
For a hand to help on with his load.
Let him never despond, let him never despair,
Nor aside from the path ever stray;
Let him buckle his armor, and gird up his strength,
Singing, "Where there's a will there's a way."

There are foes to be conquer'd and fields to be fought,
There are traitors without and within,
And the toil may be hard, and the battle be long,
But the one who endureth shall win.
For the goal is at hand, and the clouds shall disperse
When he least looketh out for the day;
So there, looking and hoping, still let him press on,
Singing, "Where there's a will there's a way."

Her Portrait.

BY A. D. P.

ALL this which I am going to tell happened before a great many of those who decorate this age were born, and it relates principally to Sir Reginald Lorilard's second wife.

The first Lady Lorilard (born Janet McCoy) was a Scotch lassie, delicate in body and serious in mind, who regarded her lord as a brand to be snatched (if possible) from the burning, and adored him. Their marriage was arranged for them when they were respectively fourteen and eleven years of age; their engagement came to an uneventful end when the bride was eighteen, and their marriage life lasted from March till the following December. No child survived, but poor pale little Janet's daughter is alive and hearty still. Sir Reginald, having married once to please his mother and satisfy some inherited creditors, took a second wife to please himself, and thus effected a double-barreled consolation; for the lady was a widow, and a contrast in every respect to her shy and somewhat dowdy predecessor. Large, just a little loud, and rather showy than handsome, she quickly made her mark, and Sir Reginald thought himself a very lucky man. A wife who never had a headache, who was ready to go out with him in any sort of weather, who did not want much London, and filled his fine old country house with merry company, saving him all sorts of bother, was just the wife for him. "Bother" to him was original sin. They met at Scarborough, and, as "bother" would certainly arise out of a formal engagement, they were wedded at once without any fuss. She was what men in those far-off days called (and liked as) a "jolly" woman; for indeed, if you will believe me, there have been times in our social life when it was not considered necessary to look bored and be dull. But there were occasions when good judges of character could see flashes, like the glimmering of distant bayonets, in Flora Lorilard's usually dove-like eyes. These came when she considered herself treated with disrespect, and those to the manner born noticed that she was very touchy about her personal dignity.

The Lorilards came of fine old stock, and there were those who considered that old Sir Piers had stained his shield by playing the bloody hand upon it. He did this to please his wife, Dame Barbara, of whom more anon. Altham Priors, their house in the Midlands, was a great barrack-like place, in a splendid park. Right through the middle of its first floor, with a large church like window at each end, ran the picture gallery, full of portraits of bygone Lorilards, in armor, in buff coats, in velvet and periwigs, in military uniform, as Roman generals, as masters of fox-hounds, as bishops, and so on. And there also hung presentments of their wives, their sisters, and their cousins and their aunts, pretending to be heathen goddesses or shepherdesses, or displaying their charms in the dress of their period as its fashion dictated. Here, full-length, was Sir Piers, the first baronet, in a long brown wig, and a book in his hand to show that he could read; but the Dame Barbara, his wife, was nowhere to be seen. An ordinary lot, these ancestors, from an artistic point of view. As a rule, all the men scowled and all the women simpered; but there was some interesting family history in it and a big scandal out of it, in the case of Lady Barbara aforesaid.

Our first Lady Lorilard considered portraits as "worldly," and would not be taken. Her successor determined that posterity should be delighted with her in the dress she wore when presented "on her marriage," and commissioned an artist of that day, renowned for his reproduction of chiffons, to paint her, which he did to her satisfaction. The likeness was striking and the details perfect. The satin was satin, and the lace, lace. You could almost see the feathers flutter and the diamonds shine. The sitter was proud of her hands, and so one, the left, glittering with gems and its second wedding ring, was held gracefully at the throat, arranging a perverse necklet. Of course it had to go to the Academy, then held in Trafalgar Square; but as there were to be large parties at Eltham Priors for the hunting and Christmas, it made its appearance there, and a place of honor was prepared for it in the gallery by skying a bishop.

The next morning it was found with its face turned to the wall!

Lady Lorilard was vexed. Sir Reginald laughed. This was evidently the practical joke of some rattle-pated young fox hunter on his way to bed, with too much soda and b. But it should not be repeated. He ordered four brass plates, and had the frame screwed into the wainscoting at each corner. No turning now.

The frame was there all right next morning, but the canvas had been cut clean out of it!

Lady Lorilard was furious, and so was her lord this time. Their guests, one and all, declared that they had never interfered with the picture, and the house was searched for it from basement to garret—in vain.

We did not then rush off with our scandals to a private detective. The family laundry. To carry out my metaphor I will say that Lady Lorilard used soft soap and hard wringing upon the servants, and at last she came upon the legend of Dame Barbara.

She also was a second wife, and had a step-son, a vigorous boy, until her own child was born. Then he faded away and died. When four years old he had been painted with his mother as Cupid to her Venus, according to the fashion of the day, and the picture hung in the centre of the gallery.

The new Lady Lorilard was jealous of her predecessor, and hated the sight of this painting. She had it removed and her own portrait substituted. The next morning it was found, face upwards, on the floor, the cords by which it had been suspended intact and the hook to which it had hung firmly in its place; but now it was holding up the deposed Venus and Cupid just as before!

This was more than Dame Barbara could stand. She had a bonfire made of this latter, replaced the former, and set as a watch upon it a grim old soldier who had been with the army in Flanders, and was not nervous. Shortly after midnight he saw a lady, leading a naked child by the hand, come slowly up from the south end of the gallery and stand in front of the new picture. He thought it was his employer come to see if he was on the alert, and walked up to her. At closer quarters he noticed that the lady was dressed "outlandish" and that the boy had a bow. Then he gave the alarm agreed upon, and when lights were brought there was no lady, and, what was most extraordinary, no picture of Barbara, Lady Lorilard, was found!

After this the same wonder appeared in other parts of the house by day and night. Every servant left, and one, driven desperate by these apparitions, confessed that she had assisted her lady to poison the heir.

But the end was not here. Dame Barbara defied the constables sent to arrest her, and barricaded herself in her room. Whilst the officers of the law were consulting outside as to what should be done, a lady "in a curious sort of bath gown" (verbatim from the report), leading a child "without any clothes on," suddenly appeared, and passed in. The officers made a rush, thinking to follow, but the door resisted all their efforts. Then they heard an unearthly shriek, and shortly afterwards the door opened of itself, and they found Lady Barbara alone—and dead. Statements vary as to the means with which she cheated the gallows. Some say she stabbed herself, others that poison was used. One version suggests that there was no suicide at all, for this reason: she had carefully packed up all her jewels, the old soldier (aforesaid) was waiting for her with a horse in the park, and there was a back staircase down which she might have escaped, if that lady in the curious bath gown had not interposed.

Such is the weird of Dame Barbara.

Our Lady Lorilard treated it with contempt. "It is bad enough," she said, "to believe in ghosts of persons; but when we come to ghosts of pictures it is too absurd!"

She was astonished when Sir Reginald looked grave and told her these things were not to be lightly treated. He admitted that every Lorilard believed that Dame Barbara had been hunted to her doom in some way or other by her predecessor in the form in which she had been pictured. And there was more than this. There was a something about Eltham Priors which would not allow an unworthy chatelaine to be perpetuated by her portrait, on its walls. In the case of two ladies whom this ghostly family council had found wanting in the qualifications required of Cæsar's wife, the faces of their pictures had entirely faded away, leaving the flesh tints of arms and neck and the coloring of dress and background bright and clear. So this could not be set down to any defect in the paints, or fault of the artist in mixing them. Besides, there were likeness of their fathers and their husbands and their sons, which, although cracked and browned, were not disfigured in any special feature. The influence was, therefore, female, and had jurisdiction only over women.

Lady Lorilard scoffed at all this. "I suppose," she said to Sir Reginald, "there are some kind creatures about, who will say that I poisoned your first wife, because some one has stolen my portrait."

"Nonsense!" he replied testily, "you never saw her."

"Nonsense of course, all of it. I am surprised that a sensible man, such as you are upon most subjects, should even listen to such trash, much less believe in it. Ghosts of pictures? bah! But something must be done to sweep it away, or these idiots will think I have done something wrong. I believe in my soul your mother has a hand in it."

"Now you are doing something wrong. My mother would not——"

"Well, well, but one of the old servants might have done it to curry favor with her."

Here I must state that the Dowager Lady Lorilard was very sore about her son's second marriage, and had refused to visit the bride.

"As soon as these people," meaning her guests, "have gone," she continued, "I shall make a complete change from the housekeeper downwards. I will get Desanges to paint a replica, and take good care of that."

She had her way (to present further "bother"), and a new set of servants and an exact copy of the missing portrait were ready for the Christmas festivities.

"I shall not hang my new picture in the gallery," said Lady Lorilard, "not that I am the least afraid of their stupid ghost story, but because, having so many doors and passages leading in and out, it is just the place for tricks such as have been already played. Besides, it would kill everything else there. The blue drawing-room is the best place." And really it was.

So on Christmas Eve, this second portrait of the second Lady Lorilard, "personally conducted" by an agent of the frame maker, was put in the position indicated in presence of several visitors (who were informed of the "tricks" that had been played), and it was agreed that some of them should sit up all night with their host and hostess to watch it.

Baccarat had not entered private houses in the 'forties. When we wanted a little gamble, we played Vingt-et-un, or Loo; and the picture guard on this occasion chose the latter game to pass the time. They were nine, four women and five men, and my lady was "jolly" enough to let the latter smoke. These were Sir Reginald, Colonel Ambroster (his uncle and godfather), the Honorable Percy Ryland and Messrs. Parish and Booth-Fraser, young gentlemen who considered it "larks." The fair contingent consisted of Lady Lorilard, Mrs. Ryland and her sister Miss Donne, and a Mrs. Spafford, whose husband said it was all "bosh," and went to bed early. They sat at an oval table in the middle of the room, and the colonel, Mrs. Spofford, and young Parish had their faces to the picture. They began with shilling "tit-ups" (dealer eighteen-pence) with club law, and found this exciting enough. About one o'clock there was a big pool, thanks to one player having loosed the board twice running. For the next hand, my lady (who had been losing) "stood" with two others, and it looked as though she might repeat the coup, for she held the king and nine of trumps. But alas! Colonel Ambroster had the ace, and young Parish the ten (guarded), so, having to lead, she did not get a trick, and was loosed thirteen pounds ten shillings, to her evident mortification.

Young Parish was in the act of counting out his two-thirds, when he suddenly exclaimed, "My God! Look at her face."

Lady Lorilard flushed crimson. "That is very rude of you," she replied (conscious of previous black looks). "I hope I can lose my money without——"

But by this time Parish had risen, and was looking over her head, pale, and clutching the back of his chair with trembling hands.

"No, No," he gasped; "I don't mean you, Lady Lorilard. Look! Look at the picture!"

In a moment they were all up, and every eye followed his.

The whole face of the picture (once seashell pink and white) had changed to a dark phosphorescent blue from which opaline fumes arose. Then it changed to a reddish brown, and the fumes ceased. Then it seemed to break up, and black greasy flakes, like soot, floated about, and some of them fell on the card table. That was all. The feathers remained intact; below the corsage there was no satin; but where the head and the left hand had been, they could not see nothing except the wooden backing of the frame.

As they stood aghast, another shock came. The room was on fire! Some one had upset a lamp on the first surprise, and the carpet where it fell was all ablaze with the oil. Lady Lorilard fainted; so did Miss Donne. The two young men ran to the door, and would have shouted for help, had not Colonel Ambroster stopped them. He was the first to feel his head. He threw the sheep-skin hearth-rug on the fire and trampled it out. Next he took his host and hostess—when she had recovered—aside, and the result of a whispered conversation was this extraordinary conduct on his part. He took up the broken lamp, in which about half a pint of oil remained, and he sprinkled this on a widow curtain close to the disfigured picture and upon the picture itself, and then deliberately set both on fire, and let them burn on till the canvas of the latter was utterly ruined. Then he was the first to rush out and shout "Fire! Fire!"

By the time that assistance came, the curtain had burned itself out, and there was no danger in the smouldering canvas.

This was a secret of nine.

They met early next morning to seal it up. Lady Lorilard was low and nervous, and did not take the lead as usual. Sir Reginald was cross, and blamed himself for having consented to the colonel's feat. "For," said he, "I ought to have had the edges analysed to see what sort of stuff was used. If it was a trick——"

The colonel, who knew all about the family history and the weirds woven into it, replied gravely:

"You and I must not talk ifs. Let it be as it is. Something has happened which cannot be explained. I have trumped it with something that can be. Don't you see? You are very unlucky with your wife's portraits—that's all. A thief stole one, and a clumsy visitor—say it was I, I don't mind—upset a lamp, and spoiled another. Let us all stick to that."

And they promised and vowed that they would.

Lady Lorilard was too ill to accompany her guests to church on Christmas Day. All night long she had "stared aghast at sleep," thinking about Dame Barbara, and wondering if, after all, there might not be some things in heaven and earth that she did not understand. The moral of the weird—which she could no longer dismiss as "all bosh"—was that there existed some power within the walls of Eltham Priors, which would not tolerate the presence of certain pictures; and she felt with a cold shudder that when the original—as in the case of Lady Barbara—would not take its hints and go, it might become terribly personal. But what had she done to anger it? There was one turned-down page in her history, the memory of which sometimes gave her conscience a qualm, but on that was written the sin of another, and contained nothing save unmerited sorrow for her own account. Could it be that she was being punished for not having opened it to her husband? Surely no, for so small an offence as that! Was it possible that none of those ladies who smirked in the picture gallery had ever told her lord a lie? Telling a lie was worse than keeping back a truth about which she had never been a question. "What have I done?" she asked herself again and again, and no answer came; for in very sooth she had

been a good wife to Sir Reginald, and all the servants and tenants swore by her. When all the rest had gone to church she went out alone into the park; and then, as she crossed a little stream to go to her favorite wood for rest and fresh air, as the atmosphere of the house seemed to stifle and stupefy her, she saw what ought to have been a ghost.

* * * * * *

The first news which called Sir Reginald out of church was that his wife had fallen into Barmer's Mill pool; that a strange man had pulled her out; but that she was "drownded for sure."

He found her lying insensible on the bank of the stream just below the pool, and but for the water that the man was throwing in her face to revive her, they were both perfectly dry. To Sir Reginald's short, sharp "What is this?" the man started up and stood at attention.

Lady Lorillard's first words were: "Oh, Regy! As God is my judge, I thought he was dead!"

Long before sunset on the merry Christmas day it was known that the person called Lady Lorillard had committed bigamy and been claimed by her real husband—a convicted felon who had served out ten years' penal servitude that very morning! His history is no part of this story—it is one of a great and cruel rascal which may be told hereafter.

A carriage was sent for, and the whilom Lady Lorillard—who had lapsed again into insensibility—was carried back to her own room, and the next thing known about her was that she was delirious in a raging brain fever.

That night there happened the strangest of all the strange things which had come to pass in Eltham Priors. The ex convict's idea in going there was was to blackmail his wife, but the deduction drawn from her cry, "I thought he was dead," blocked that little game. Being a man of resources, he did not give up. The great house was in a great state of confusion, and a good many things might arrive to one who knew how to wait—in hiding—till night.

He was found the next morning dead and cold, on the floor of the picture gallery, just below the place where the Venus and Cupid picture used to hang before Lady Barbara deposed it.

There was an inquest of course and a post mortem examination of the body. There were no outward signs of violence, all its organs were sound, and medical science could not even guess at the cause of death.

Sir Reginald married again, for the third time, and took his new wife abroad. No one could distinguish her from the second Lady Lorillard, but she was a happier woman. She had no secrets from her husband, who had given her a noble proof of his love for her.

But she didn't have any more portraits painted.

A Corsican Affair.

BY A. G. R.

ANTONIO FORLI was certainly dying. The sweat on his face and his difficult breathing told of it quite as much as the prayers of the priest, who every now and again came to a pause and lowered his head so that he could look over his spectacles at the sick man.

Forli's wife and his son Cesare were also in the room.

The former's sobs were continuous. She was on her knees by her husband's bedside, holding the crucifix as the priest had directed her, and at each pause in his reverence's petitions she broke out into ejaculations of startling energy. One of her cries seemed to bring sudden vitality into the swallow, pinched face of the dying man.

"By the Virgin and San Antonio," she screamed, "have we not suffered enough wrong—we Forli? Let there be a blood reckoning between the Leonetti and us. Oh, my poor, handsome husband, see to it when thou art in Paradise."

"Chut! chut!" interposed the priest quickly. "Remember, woman, that he has been anointed. The time for such thoughts has passed."

But Antonio himself did not seem to think so. Wrestling himself up so that his back fell against the walls, he opened his mouth as if to speak, and waved a weak hand towards his son Cesare.

"Come to thy father, son," said the woman with apparent acerbity.

Cesare Forli was but sixteen, though he had the muscles and stature of a man, and also the firm expression of a man on his dark face. He was Corsican to the toe-tips.

Again the priest tried to interfere.

"The Holy Mother," he exclaimed, "likes not such compacts. Be advised. Let earthly dissensions be forgotten, and give thyself wholly to God."

"May I be forgotten of God if I do!" said the sick man in a cavernous voice that sounded very grim. There was a flash in his dark eyes as he spoke. Then he turned to his son.

"I am going," he said, and it was as if he pitied himself; his wife's moans broke out afresh. "I am going, my son. But there is work for thee. Speed to the Sartene province of Corsica—ah! the dear land, I die exiled from it!—and there kill first Giovanni Leonetti. Shoot him in the back as he shot thy dear brother who is in Heaven. And afterwards kill all the other Leonetti in the land—like rats."

"I command you!" cried the priest. "This is infamy."

But the dying man's voice rose above the priest's.

"It is not infamy, it is duty. See to it, Cesare. Place thy hand on my breast—ah!"

He slid down into the bed again and lay gasping. The lad, without moving a muscle of his countenance, did as his father bade him and stood watching the struggles on his father's face.

"He is going," whispered the priest to the woman.

The latter rose to clasp her husband once more in her arms. But with a final effort the exile opened his mouth to speak.

"Swear," he sobbed, staring at the lad, "swear, or I——"

He could not finish. Even while Cesare was murmuring the words, "I swear it, father," with his right hand still on his father's breast, the man's jaw slipped and his eyes lost their life.

"It is a pity," said the priest, as he blew his nose with a loud report and drew near, "men cannot be sensible in their last moments. But there, it is breath wasted to reproach him now; you Corsicans are all alike. Cesare, I absolve you from your bond to your poor father."

The lad lifted his eyes to the priest, but said nothing.

"Promises of so sacrilegious a kind, extorted by the dying, are not to be kept. In fulfilling them, you do but protract his presence in purgatory. Dost hear me, my son?"

But the woman herself responded. She turned an inflamed face upon the priest.

"Father Correggio!" she said, with terrible earnestness, "may the boy rot in this world and the next, for ever, if he forgets his oath. The living as well as the dead bind him."

The priest shrugged his shoulders, folded his spectacles, put his breviary in his pocket, shook his skirts to make sure they hung freely, shuffled to the corpse and made the sign of the cross on its forehead—with a protesting movement of his own head the while—and then murmuring "Benedicite!" left the room.

"They are devils—those Corsicans!" the good father said to himself as he crossed the threshold.

* * * * * *

Barely a month later young Cesare was in Corsica with his gun. His was a pitiful errand, but he did not seem to think so: neither did his mother, who from the mainland sent prayers and blessings in his wake, and confidently awaited his return with the blood of the clan of the Leonetti on his immature young hands.

In Bastia the lad bought black clothes like the native Corsicans; they went well with his set countenance and fierce eyes. His gun was his father's. It was old, but he believed it would do its work. It had shot men ere this. The experience might be of service to it and Cesare himself.

And so from Bastia Cesare walked down the coast-line to the south, by the vineyards and through the orange groves of many a fertile though rather pestilential little village. He had nothing to do till he got to Porto Vecchio. For a week he could live the life of an honest man, enjoying the good gifts of sunshine and bewitching landscapes without either remorse or forebodings.

From Porto Vecchio he was to strike into the mountains, and lay his snares for the Leonetti, who had their dwellings among the sources of the Stabiaccio.

It was a happy week, this that he spent between the mountains and the blue sea. But at the sight of the walls of Porto-Vecchio, he remembered his responsibilities to the uttermost.

Yet another brief respite was allowed him, however.

At the inn where he stayed was a lovely young girl named Caterina. She could not have been more than fifteen, though her large sombre blue eyes had a woman's expression. They twain soon made acquaintance. The girl's mother was taken by Cesare's looks, and would fain have learnt all about him. But, of course, that was impossible. Nevertheless, the three days the lad spent in the ancient town were enough for both Cesare and Caterina.

"I will come back for you, my angel," said the lad, when on the fourth morning he had shouldered his gun and prepared for his hideous undertaking. "Be true to me."

The girl's eyes answered him sufficiently. But her tongue also bore witness for her.

"Thou hast all my heart, dear Cesare," she whispered.

From early morning until late in the afternoon the lad clambered among the oaks and precipices, wondering how his task would come to him. He was bound for a little village high up. Here he meant to mature his plans, in the very midst of the Leonetti he had come to destroy.

But when it was near sundown, he fell in with a young man hardly older than himself, whose vivacity and gift of persuasion had a strange power over him.

"I am bent on a dark business," he told Cesare. "'Tis no less than bloodshed. We are in vendetta. Wilt join me?"

Cesare looked thunderstruck.

"I, too, am here in vendetta," he stammered out.

"Good; then let us take an oath of friendship. You help me this afternoon, and then I will do for you what you do for me."

"What is the name of the doomed one?" asked Cesare.

"That," replied the other, "I do not tell thee. Neither am I inquisitive about thy quarrel."

Then the thought flashed to Cesare's mind that it was a Leonetti who was being pursued.

"I am thine," he said, offering his hand.

"And I thine," said the other; and they swore an oath in the matter.

This done, at the bidding of his friend, who said he might be called Carlo, Cesare loaded his gun afresh. Together they then stole by a craggy path towards a highland glen, or rather basin, occupied entirely by a mountain torrent, a few pine-trees, innumerable boulders, and a single black-browed hut.

"He has been away a long time," whispered Carlo; "perhaps he thinks he is forgotten. Ah! he shall be taught differently."

It was arranged that, having crept as near as possible to the house in the dusk, they should lie concealed behind the rocks until the man came out, or showed in his doorway.

The plan worked only too well.

In less than a quarter of an hour a tall, broad-shouldered man opened the door to look forth.

"It is he!" whispered Carlo; "shoot!"

The victim dropped on the threshold. The two young men did not wait to hear more than one cry from the woman who rushed to the stricken man. They hurried down and down, and drew breath only when they were near the village of Carlo's home.

Here, when the houses showed, Cesare put the question that had of late hovered on his lips:

"Was he a Leonetti?"

The other laughed as he replied:

"Mother of God, no! I am a Leonetti! He was a Forli—the last of them in Corsica."

Cesare was like to faint—at first. He had not been bred in Corsica, and was unused to such shocks. Then he grasped his gun, and, looking Carlo in the face, said:

"I, too, am a Forli."

But Carlo, uplifting his own gun, shouted:

"Remember our bond—we are friends, I have sworn, and you have sworn."

Cesare yielded to the persuasion.

"It is terrible!" he muttered.

Nevertheless, he consented to go home with Carlo, who gave him the name of Pinello to make it possible for him to receive the hospitality of the family.

* * * * * *

Giovanni Leonetti lived in the village. He was uncle to Carlo, and a stalwart Corsican to boot. He never moved five steps from the house without his gun—loaded.

Cesare slept little this, his first night in the thick of Corsican feuds. He was thinking of his father, of Caterina, of the man he had shot—his own father's half-brother, as it turned out—and of the vengeance he would sooner or later wreak on young Carlo.

But Giovanni Leonetti was to die first. his mother had told him why, ere he left the mainland. The man had shot her first-born, Angelo, when he was a pretty boy of eight—had shot him as you or I would shoot a partridge. It was not of course from personal enmity, but merely in perpetuation of the traditional feud. Immediately afterwards the police had taken Antonio Forli. Antonio had shot two of them in his successful attempt to escape. And then he and his wife and the little Cesare had evaded the island.

The little Angelo remained unatoned for.

Giovanni Leonetti came and stared at Cesare.

"What is thy business in the mountains?" he asked. Something in the lad's face made him uneasy.

"He had none, uncle," said Carlo, answering for him. "He was lost, and he did us a service in helping to finish off Giacomo Forli."

"Good! then we are friends," replied Giovanni. But if he could have seen the hungry looked in Cesare's eyes, when he turned to go, he would have amended his words.

"Be patient," said young Carlo to Cesare; "you have bound me to aid you, I will do it. The afterwards shall take care of itself. Only tarry till his granddaughter comes from the town. Let him see her; they are so fond of each other. Between ourselves, Cesare, I love that girl; but she loved not me, though perhaps she will do it. Let him see her once more, and then we will decide it. There is the family feud, and there is the personal bond. The latter is stronger with the individual, the former with the clan. I would, however, we had never met."

"And I," said Cesare. The lad was perplexed. There were times when his hot blood urged him to take Carlo's life at once. And again there were times when he sobbed to himself that it was impossible he could kill his companion.

For three days this strange life went on. On the fourth day, at noon, when Cesare came in from the mountains, whither he had been roaming with his wild thoughts, Carlo told him the news.

"She has arrived."

"Who?" asked the other.

"Come and see," said Carlo.

They crossed the green village square, with the great chestnut-tree growing in its midst, and approached Giovanni Leonetti's house. Then they entered.

"Good day, cara mia," exclaimed Carlo.

The girl he addressed turned, and Cesare stepped backwards with a thumping heart.

"Caterina!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

It was she, sure enough. But, though she was at first confused, she had the tact of her sex, and it was not difficult for her to explain to her grandsire her meeting with Cesare as if it were the most trivial matter under the sun. But the spark of jealousy had been struck in Carlo's soul. He saw more than his uncle saw. And when they were outside again he taxed his companion with it.

"Hast said aught of love to that girl, my friend?" he asked.

"What is that to thee?" retorted Cesare, all his pride of family in a flame.

"Good, or rather bad!" rejoined the other. "It makes things simpler, though it will mean the saying of more masses."

There were few words exchanged between the young men that day. Late in the evening, however, Carlo, who had become saturnine in the extreme, called Cesare to the door.

"Let us talk," he said, "under the chestnut-tree. There is a moon. You will not want your gun."

"I trust you," replied Cesare, and together they went out.

Then, with a numbed heart, Cesare listened to Carlo's cold-blooded plan for the shooting of his own uncle. The old man went out early every day to see to his goats. They were to follow him by stealth the next morning. The rest would be easy.

"And afterwards?" suggested Cesare almost trembling: his thoughts were with Caterina.

"Afterwards—we will see," responded Carlo, and his thoughts also were with Caterina.

They returned to the house in silence, and in silence each went to bed.

The morning opened with mist and rain. But that was nothing. They were used to both in the Corsican highlands. Neither deterred old Giovanni from seeking his goats, gun in hand. And neither kept the two lads from getting on his track and fol

lowing him over the slippery rocks and wet grass until the opportunity presented itself.

They were close on his heels at length. He had stopped to light his pipe, with his back to them. Carlo gently touched his companion on the shoulder, pointed, and whispered:

"Behold your quarry!"

No shot could have been simpler. In one instant Cesare had his gun extended, and the next the rocks echoed with the report, and old Leonetti lay on the face, shot through the heart.

"Let us see how it has gone," said Carlo quietly.

They turned the old man over. He was dead as Julius Cæsar.

Thrilled with a demoniacal sense of elation, Cesare now offered his hand to his friend—to have it rejected with such scorn as few but Corsicans can express by word and look. Carlo was aboil with passion—for his family's and his own sake.

"That is over," he said hoarsely, referring to their recent friendship. "There is no feud in all Corsica more mortal than ours. Load thy gun."

"But, Carlo——" began the poor lad.

"But nothing. I owe a life for his here"—pointing at his uncle's body—"and another for thy insolence in forestalling me with—with her."

Then Cesare understood. The pride of the Forli was a good match for the pride of the Leonetti.

Without another word the lad reloaded.

"Ten paces will do," said Carlo, "the signal shall be the croaking of the first raven after we are in station."

These were the last words they exchanged.

For nearly a minute they stood, each with gun levelled at the other's forehead. There was a raven hard by on a withered pine-trunk, but it kept deathly silence for full fifty seconds. At last it croaked.

"Bang!"

The two guns fired simultaneously, and almost simultaneously the two lads fell dead.

Papineau.

BY B. W.

I ALWAYS went to Papineau to have my shoes mended. He did his work intelligently and well—that was something—and in those days I had a great deal of cobbling to do, for I was very poor. But often I dropped in on Papineau when I brought no work at all, for I was endeavoring to master the patois, and never was the shoemaker loath to have a chat with me.

One day two gray nuns came into the shop while I was there. They were soliciting alms and clothing for the poor. I did not pay much attention to them, for in Montreal it is considered a sacrilege to stare at the nuns; but I could not help noticing that the first nun's left hand was gone. Instead of fingers, her arm terminated in a small iron hook. Just as I had caught a good glimpse of this detail the nun herself gave vent to a quick, sharp cry and leant upon her companion for support. Darting a glance at Papineau, I saw that he was deathly pale. In the next instant the nuns had hurried out of the shop.

"This is curious," I said to myself: what has happened?" and then I said aloud, "Come, friend Papineau, pull yourself together. What did the sister mean by screaming like that? Have you seen her before?"

Papineau, the shoemaker, arose, and went to the dingy old doorway and looked down the street, shading his face with his hand. After a while he came back and sat down by me—not on his cobbler's bench, but in the little rickety class-room chair, whose back had been broken off by the students.

"Mr. Dick," he muttered, "the time is come when, if you care to have my story, I will tell it you, because, after what has happened, I do not care to keep it longer a secret. One of the holy sisters who came in here just now—many years ago—many years ago——"

Here Papineau stopped short, just as if he had a lump in his throat and drew the back of his hand across his eyes. He took up his awl again and the boot he had been cobbling and went back to the bench.

"It is this way," he said, "I will begin at the beginning. The Papineau and the Perviers had adjoining farms in the seigneury where I was born. Shortly after my birth my mother died, and my father, Jacques Papineau, married again. From the first this woman was different from most stepmothers I had known or heard of, for I loved her dearly, even better, perhaps, than I should have loved my real mother, but that is neither here nor there. When I was fourteen my father fell into the river and was drowned, and from the very moment when my stepmother heard of it she began to act queerly.

"She shut herself up in her room for days at a time, and when she came out she used to say that she had seen my father in the flesh, and had long tales to tell us children of what he had said, besides other things she had seen. For I must not neglect to tell you, Mr. Dick, that although I had neither brothers nor sisters, Felice Pervier and I were well nigh inseparable. Felice was two years younger than I, and it had been long agreed between her father and mine that we should marry. But my father's death put a new light on this matter of our marriage, although it did not change the extreme fondness Felice and I had for each other in the least. On the contrary, it only helped to strengthen our affection. But my stepmother grew distasteful to the Perviers, who had once been seigneurs and were still very proud of themselves.

"Her actions became more and more mysterious. She began to tell fortunes and explain dreams, so that the country folk in a year or two came miles to see and hear her, although my stepmother, who had aged rapidly since my father's death, was still as fond of me as ever. But all this conduct scandalized the Perviers to such a point that they finally decided to break off the match.

"By this time Felice was a handsome little creature of seventeen, and the news that we were not to marry caused her the greatest wretchedness. Furthermore, her father forbade her to have any more communication with the stepson of old Lisa, the fortune teller, as my father's widow was now called among the peasantry. These and other circumstances caused me at length to turn my love of my stepmother into hate, for I realized that she and her cursed signs and omens were at the bottom of all my misery.

"One day I heard that Felice was to be married. This drove me into despair. In vain I tried to seek an interview with her—she was guarded too well. Tongue cannot tell the rage I was in with the old hag, my stepmother, whose eccentricities by this time were making me the laughing-stock of the village. In fair-time she set up a booth, whither many of the country folk flocked to have their fortunes told by means of cards and chiromancy.

"One day in the previous summer Felice called upon her with one of her playmates, in order to have my stepmother explain a curious dream. That was a year and some months before we were so cruelly torn apart, but I saw that she was deeply impressed with old Lisa's powers, and promised that whenever she was in trouble she would come again.

"On the day set for Felice's marriage I wandered about the village like a man in a dream. The day was fine, and the people assembled at the little church waited long and patiently for the noce to begin. The bridegroom had arrived, and old Pervier was at his wits' end, for the bride was nowhere to be found! He cursed and stamped, and tore his hair, to the great scandal of the vicaire, but still the search for Felice was unavailing.

"It seems that Felice, under some pretext or other, had stolen that morning out of the cottage to have a last interview with Lisa, the fortune teller. Her heart beat violently upon her approaching marriage, about which she had many misgivings. She therefore passed through the crowd unobserved, and sought the small canvas booth of my stepmother, and entered it tremulously. When the old hag heard her visitor's mission, her eyes glittered, and she left the tent for a moment. When she returned she said,—

"'Hold out your hand, my dear.'

"Felice held it out as she was told. With one swift movement, the hag drew a sharp hatchet from behind her dress, and brought it down sharply upon the table. Felice, with a shriek of pain, sprang backwards. Her little hand—her pretty, fair, white hand—had been severed at the wrist.

"'There, ye little fool!' cried, or rather croaked, my stepmother. 'Go and be married to old Casgrain's son—go! Let him put the ring on that dainty finger. Ha, ha! What a droll coquette thou art, to be sure!'

"I rushed in just in time to catch Felice from falling. When the deed became known, her parents and the villagers were furious against us both, and my stepmother and I were compelled to flee.

"For fifteen years," concluded Papineau, "I have been a shoemaker, and in all this time I have never seen or heard of Lisa the fortune-teller. As for Felice, I have never seen her either until to-day; but I heard that she shortly afterwards came to Montreal and entered the Grey Nunnery."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An ancient elm, which stood in City Hall Park, New York, was cut down the other day, because it had become dangerous. This elm shaded the motley crowd that watched the hanging of Nathan Hale. Little Revolutionary boys perched, doubtlessly, upon its limbs to watch the evacuation of the British troops and to welcome the arrival of Washington and the Continentals when they came down the Bowery into the city.

Experiments at the Yale psychological laboratory on 1200 boys and girls from the public schools between the ages of 6 and 17 show that, averaging the various tests, the boys surpass the girls. In color discrimination the girls are ahead; in weight discrimination the boys, though each sex is equal in the two at the age of 11 years. In quickness of motor ability the boys surpass the girls, though the latter are stronger in endurance.

A rancher on Vashion Island, Wash., last fall found a box which contained about 20 pounds of what he thought was a fine quality of fire-proof paint floating in the sound. The paint was packed in small tin cans and bore a foreign label, and as it had cost him nothing he painted his house with it, inside and out. The rancher has since discovered, much to his sorrow, that instead of fire-proof paint he has his house covered with about $3000 worth of smuggled opium, which was thrown overboard by smugglers.

No money-making scheme is too rascally for some men, as witness the gang lately arrested in New York, which for years has been plundering insurance companies and cruelly killing horses in order to secure insurance money. They rented a stable, filled it with fine horses, valuable harnesses and carriages, getting as large insurance upon the contents as possible. Then a lot of worthless horses, worn-out wagons, etc., were substituted and the stable set on fire. The gang is known to have destroyed more than a dozen stables, involving the death of many horses.

It was contended by a physician at the Medical Congress in Washington that children breathe in more microbes than grown persons do, for the reason that children's mouths are only two or three feet above the ground. Sewer gas and the exhalation from miasmatic earth therefore affect the young first and their seniors afterward. The bad air of cellars and of swampy localities loaded with putrescent matter is to be avoided. As a general rule it is better to sleep up-stairs than on the ground floor, and the attic is not to be despised as a healthy resort.

A sensational case from Wilkes county, Ga., will come up before the United States Commissioner at Augusta, it is expected, in a few days. It is claimed that certain parties there have virtually held a young negro in slavery for three or four years. The case was before the courts once, and the release of the negro was commanded, but the order was not obeyed. The mother and sister of the negro are working to bring about his liberty. The negro in question was bound out to these people for a certain period, but after its expiration, they have, by force and threats, kept him a prisoner. He has not been allowed to go to church in four years. The United States authorities are working up the case.

"Every time tellers are appointed in the House there is an interesting sight," says a New York paper. "A member on each side of the question under dispute takes his stand in front of the Speaker's desk and the members file between the two men and record their votes. There are two men who do not do this. They are Stone, of Kentucky, and Nicklas, of New York. Each of these lost a leg in the war and is obliged to use a crutch at all times. Whenever a vote is taken by tellers some member near one of them finds out how he wishes to vote; then he takes the crutch and marches with it down to the front, passing between the tellers. The vote is recorded, and the crutch is taken back to its owner."

An injury with beneficial results occurred to Charles D. Collins, of Springfield, Mass., recently. He was thrown out of a carriage, and sustained a fracture of the thigh. The buggy was overturned on account of some defect in the driveway, and he sued the company for damages. The defects of the driveways were proved in court, but it was also proved that at some previous time Collins had broken his other thigh, with the result of shortening his leg and making him walk one-sided. The last accident had equalized matters by shortening his other leg, so that now he could walk better than he did before. The surgeon testified that Collins's injury was really a benefit, and the jury brought in a verdict for the defendant.

There are three great differences in appliances and taste between our own street dealers in cut flowers and those of sunny Japan. The light framework of bamboo, with its short lengths of bamboo cut at a node, so as to retain water wherewith to preserve the freshness of the blossoms, grasses, iris stems and leaves, and the basket like arrangement of the bottom tier, is as unlike a coster's barrow or the flower girl's flat basket as it is possible to find. Apart from the prettiness of the whole as a street picture, compare the greater security enjoyed by the flowers, carried as the contrivance is by means of a pole resting on the shoulder of the man, to that of being rattled over the stones in a donkey cart to the detriment of everything carried.

VOLTAIRE'S PETTY VENGEANCE.—Voltaire could no more forgive personal affronts than the First Napoleon. The directors of the opera had given him much offence, and this is the mode in which he took an appropriate if undignified revenge. Mr. Royer one of the directors mentioned, happening one day to dine in a house facing Voltaire's residence, and coming to the window, they immediately recognized each other. A troop of wandering Tyroleans with their bears passing at the moment, the poet invited them into the court, and for two hours he scorched the delicately organized ears of the musical chief with the diabolical discords coming from the throats of the bears, and the combined throats and instruments of their masters. All the neighbors were at their windows; all that could find room occupied the street. Voltaire looked on with as benevolent a smile as his features could assume; M. Royer held out with the resolution of a stoic for two hours, and then was obliged to yield. The moment he disappeared from the window the performers were liberally paid, and dismissed.

AT LAST!—A modern postal system is soon to be established in China. The imperial Government has approved a plan, drawn up by Sir Robert Hart, under which the native postal organization will entirely disappear and will be replaced by an imperial post office, with branches throughout the country, under the management of qualified foreigners. When the reform is completed, China will ask for admission into the Postal Union.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

TWO LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

BY M. C. C.

"I WON'T stand it any longer—so there! I'm going right back to Springmead, Archie. I never knew what it was to be unhappy when I lived with "Gran," and old Mrs. Hall has taken "Gran's" house now, and she is a great friend of mine, so she would let me stay with her always, I know."

"Nan, you don't really mean you are going to run away! why you can't do it, Nan! You're only a girl, and you've spent all your money, and Springmead is ever so far off!"

"I'm older than you are, Archie, if I am only a girl," said Annette Tring, tossing back her curling hair from her hot excited face. "I know just how to get to Mrs. Hall's; there is a train from Millside Junction, and if I go third it will only be two-and-ninepence, half-price. I asked nurse, and she told me so, and Archie, you will lend me two-and-ninepence out of your money-box, won't you? Mrs. Hall is rich, like grannie was, and she'll give me plenty of money to pay you back."

Archie looked very grave; he would have given the two half-crowns and the shilling from his box to comfort Nan—he was rather proud of receiving his elder sister's confidence; but he did not like the idea of such a long journey, and of her going alone.

"I say, Nan," he said earnestly, "remember you've only been here three weeks—you'll soon feel at home at Rosehaven, you know—do try to obey father and mother; Nan, we've got the best father and mother in the world, I do believe, Nan, and it's right to obey, you know."

"I don't want any preaching from little boys, Archie," said Nan loftily; "you're a favorite, and so is Kitty, and so are the other children. None of you get into trouble, and I never did with grannie; darling "Gran" always lets me do what I liked, and here I'm perfectly miserable.

"Only yesterday mother took Kitty driving instead of me, just because I wouldn't copy out my exercise again for that horrid Miss Williams—she's as cross as two sticks, and I can't bear lessons. And to day I'm sent to my room just because I stopped playing in the garden after mother told me to go indoors; such strictness! I can't stand it, Archie; no, I am going back to Springmead. I'm going to start this moment. Where's my dearest Dorothy? Of course, I can't go without Dorothy—she'll be just as glad to see Springmead again as I shall be!"

"Archie, do lend me the money, and I'll get Mrs. Hall to ask you over, and we'll have such splendid times together in the park and in the fields. Perhaps she'll adopt you too, and then you won't have to learn with Miss Williams, or do those horrid sums ever any more!"

"I like Miss Williams," said Archie, "and I wouldn't be adopted away from father and mother; but Nan, I'll tell you what I'll do—I think I know the way to Millside Station, and I'll take you there and get your ticket. You ought not to walk all that way alone—I think mother would like me to see you there. She sent me into the town to take care of Kitty one day, you know."

"Oh, Kitty's only a child. I should soon find my way, even as far as the Junction. But you can come if you like, Archie; make haste, or all the afternoon will be gone. I'm ready to start this minute; Mrs. Hall will give me plenty of clothes; she is very fond of me, and nobody, nobody loves me here, except Dorothy and you!"

Foolish little Nan! She did not guess what a mistake she made in indulging such a notion. It was just because her parents loved her so tenderly that they longed to train her aright, and to help her to grow up unselfish and obedient, instead of thinking only of what would gratify herself.

Owing to illness at home, she had been sent in infancy to her grandmother's care, and the old lady could never bring herself to part with the child; at Springmead, Nan had been decidedly over-indulged; but a few months back her kind loving "Gran" had peacefully passed from earth; and though the child for a time remained at Springmead with her parents, who had much to do in the old home before it was let to a friend, she was now a rather troublesome inmate of her father's house, where the rule was obedience, and unselfishness was in every way tenderly encouraged.

Mrs. Tring knew that her little daughter, if spoilt by self-will, would grow up a misery to herself and to all about her. Unfortunately, Nan looked upon her parents' gentle rule as "unkindness" and "strictness," and thus it came to pass that her silly little mind formed the plan of "running away," and Archie, doubtfully and disapprovingly, set forth as her escort.

None saw the two children leave the garden of Rosehaven; Nan's doll sat up cheerfully in her arms, and Nan herself was in high spirits, describing beautiful Springmead to Archie, and picturing her future life as all flowers and sunshine, without thorns and clouds in the shape of sums and lessons.

But after walking for an hour and a half, and still seeming to be no nearer to Millside, the two children became weary and discouraged. Dorothy went to sleep quietly enough, but their little feet seemed, oh, so heavy! and once they met some fierce-looking cattle, once a gipsy woman who stared after them with much curiosity, and once a dog that greatly frightened them by barking wildly and leaping around them.

It was quite evident that they had missed the right road to the Junction. Poor Nan! she grew so tired at last, that she fairly began to cry, and though Archie cheered her by saying the station must be near now, he felt frightened in his own mind, for he really did not know the way back, and sunset-time was approaching.

The two little runaways sat down on the grass at last, not knowing what to do; they had reached a lonely spot—indeed they had wandered into a gentleman's park, and they could see no one of whom to inquire the way.

Poor children! they felt sadly afraid and forlorn; but Archie jumped up as he heard carriage wheels in the distance, for surely the coachman would be able to direct them, and perhaps he would give poor tired Nan a lift.

"Oh, Nan—it's Fowler—oh, Nan, it's the carriage! Father, mother—oh, Fowler, do stay—oh, don't you see us?"

It was indeed the Rosehaven carriage, for Mr. and Mrs. Tring had been spending some hours with the friend who owned the park. Fowler caught sight of the children, and before long they were in the carriage, where both soon fell asleep on the cushions.

It was not till Nan and Archie had partaken of the meal quickly supplied by poor nurse, who had been sorely frightened by their disappearance, that father and mother had a quiet talk with them—a talk that broke down Nan's rebellion, and cured her of all wish to rid herself of their tender care.

DR. DOLL.

BY SHEILA.

"OH, Jack! I am so busy."

"What about, old lady?"

This busy old lady was Alice Grey, aged six; her brother Jack was seven.

"Getting the Lady Jane's things ready," was her reply to Jack.

"Who's the Lady Jane?"

"You know, you silly boy!—my doll; you called her so yourself. 'Tis same as that poor queen, as was a queen just a wee bit of time, and then had her head cut off, what Arthur read about; and you said 'twould just fit in for my doll's name, 'cause our name was Grey. You remember, don't you?"

"Phew, who remembers about a doll?"

"Well, now, I want you to do something for her."

"What—cut her head off, and make her a real Lady Jane?"

"No, you cruel boy! I want you to take her to the sea-side—to Brighton."

"Where? How?" Jack opened his eyes at this.

"I know; I have a plan in my head"; and Alice gave a knowing nod. "I'm packing her things—see, this is her best hat in here."

"A hat in a pill-box?" laughed Jack.

"It's not a pill-box—don't interrupt me. These are her dresses and things, this a big wrap rolled up; and now I want you to make her a carriage, and take her to Brighton—a doll's Brighton, down by the river, you know."

"To stay?" questioned the boy.

"Yes, if I know where"; and Alice knit her brows thoughtfully.

"I have it," said Jack. "Nurse is out; we'll have one of the chairs from the nursery, turn it up on its back—same as we ride round the nursery—string for harness, I the horse, the old boat-house for a grand hotel at Brighton. I suppose the Lady Jane will go to an hotel?"

"Yes," faltered Alice; "but—but nothing would hurt her there, would it?"

"No; so hurry up, and pack her things. I'll cord the boxes, or nurse will be back, and she'll not let us have the chair."

So Alice finished packing, Jack corded the boxes with string, while she dressed her darling, Arthur, their elder brother, writing out and posting up "Brighton," in large letters, on some of the trees they would pass, to show the way. Then the carriage was brought, the luggage carried out, the Lady Jane seated—her trunk at her back, her feet on the hat-box, her sunshade tied to her hand. "That was a good idea, Arthur said, "mounting the sunshade over her head, and making it stay there." Then Emmie and Annie, two mites of sisters, came to see the departure; the last kisses were given, Alice, who was to stay behind, so as not to go through another parting at the hotel, waved her handkerchief, with tears in her eyes; Arthur cheered; Frisk, their little dog, yap-yapped; the little ones clapped their hands. Annie was to give her a flower in passing, to make her look more like a traveler.

"Make her comfortable, Jack; when you get there, won't you?" said Alice.

"I'll make her a bed with her wrap fit for a princess," promised Jack, forgetting for the time being, that he was a horse—and so he was off.

"She's all right, and in bed," he reported, coming back, in half-scornful fun that he, a boy of seven, should have to do with a sham of a doll, settle her at a sham hotel, at a sham Brighton.

Then night came down upon Alice at home and the Lady Jane by the sea; then it was morning again, and after breakfast Alice went down to the hotel to take her darling for an airing. But there was no darling, no Lady Jane there; and back she flew like the wind to Arthur and Jack. Down they came with her, to see for themselves. There was the bed Jack had made for her, her luggage, no Lady Jane.

"Honor bright, we know nothing of her," they assured their poor little sister, as she wrung her hands, and said—

"I wish I'd gone, and seen her safe myself."

So the mystery, where she was, remained a mystery all the day; and in the evening—

"Hurrah! dollie's found," cried Jack, bursting into the nursery.

"Wh?—where?—when?" said Alice, springing up in a flutter, and following where he led, which was down to the boat-house, where stood a boy in shabby clothes, about Jack's age.

"I took your doll, missie; but I ain't a thief—took her to show to poor Sally, as is ill, and as cross as two sticks 'cause she hain't got nothing to love. I got her a mouse in a little cage, and he died; and I got a bird, and the bird died. And when I creeped into the boat-house, to see what the young gentleman had done with the doll, I thought 'twas just the thing for Sally. The mouse died, ye see, and the bird died, but 'this little sham of a lady'll never die,' says I to myself." Here the boy gave a chuckle of a laugh at his own funny words, which Jack met with "Ha, ha!" "So I took her, ye see, little missie—borrored her, just to see if she'd make Sally sleep—sleep was what she wanted to make her get well, the doctor said; and now she've got her, she won't let her go, she holds on to her tight, even in her sleep. She slept all night long as sound as a top, and she've got her hugged up now—so what be I to do?" asked the boy, with a puzzled look at Alice.

"Let her keep her, Alice," said Jack, as she flushed and grew pale, and seemed ready to cry.

"I—I——" so she began; but Jack cut her short.

"Yes, let the little girl keep her, Alice, and pretend she's a clever Brighton doctor, come to cure the little girl."

"Ay, sir, the very thing; 'twould be all sham, 'cept Sally's sleep; that ain't sham," and Sally's brother chuckled again. "Be kind, little lady, and say you'll do it; let her keep your doll till she is better?"

So Alice: "Yes, Sally may keep her," and wished her lips would not tremble, for she meant it.

Sally kept Dr. Doll, as they all called her, till she was quite well, and then lent her to any little sick girls in the village, Alice agreeing to clothe her and keep her neat, as her part of the good work.

WINKS—"Talk about stage realism? You should see Strident in 'Love and Woe.'" Jinks—"He can't hold a candle to my friend, Mouther. Why, sir, he played the heavy villain in 'Woman's Wrongs' so artistically that his wife sued for a divorce the next week."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The first lucifer match was struck in 1834.

Frogs, when cooked, taste very much like chicken.

The first armor used was of skins and padded hides.

Forty-nine per cent. of the days in London are wet.

The weeping willow grew first in Asia and North Africa.

Two-thirds of the male population of the world use tobacco.

About one-fourth of the cases of insanity are hereditary.

The mines of the world produce about 25 tons of gold every week.

Sixty per cent. of the cases of short-sightedness are hereditary.

It is said that over a hundred kinds of wine are made in Australia.

More copies of the Bible have been printed than of any other book.

The unexplored area of Canada is estimated to be 1,000,000 square miles.

Four times more Irishmen reside in the United States than Englishmen.

Fifty million dollars' worth of property is yearly lost by fire in England.

There are over half a million telephones in service in the United States.

The historic battlefield at Braddock, Pa., is to be marked by a shaft of steel.

The old City of London churchyards contain over 30,000 tons of human remains.

One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

In Norway persons who have not been vaccinated are not allowed to vote at any election.

A device to hold a door knob in place has been invented by J. W. Krauss, of Newark, N. J.

A single sponge has been found on the coast of Florida with a circumference of 5 feet 6 inches.

The police of Nice closed several gambling houses lately, all of which were kept by women.

Great Britain's 17 battleships of the first class cost $50,000,000, and her entire fleet about $175,000,000.

An English Judge has decided that a maid servant cannot be discharged for smoking in the kitchen.

Imperial edicts in China are carried by couriers, who travel in cases of emergency 200 or 250 miles a day.

The British Museum contains no less than 700 theological books written concerning the creation of the world.

The largest room in the world, unbroken by pillars, is said to be a drill hall in St. Petersburg, 620 feet by 150.

"Flutterers" is the new name given in the West to the young ladies who serve refreshments at afternoon teas.

According to Bradstreet's there are 215,000 men now idle in this country as a result of the coal and other strikes.

A street in a London suburb, which was named after Admiral Nelson, has been renamed in honor of Rudyard Kipling.

The striking painters in Chicago have organized a bicycle brigade of 30 wheels to use in hunting down non-union painters.

More than 40 000,000 trees have been planted in Switzerland during the last seven years in the efforts to reforest the country.

The first iron ship was launched about 40 years ago; now the carrying power of the world's iron shipping exceeds 30,000,000 tons.

A New York cigar dealer recently advertised for a live Indian to act as a sign, and 100 men of all colors and all nationalities applied for the job.

Once in the history of the earth, according to Professor Ball, the celebrated Irish astronomer, the moon was so near to us that the ocean's tide was 540 feet high.

Dayton, Ohio, bicyclers, who kept their wheels at a club house, found all their tires punctured, and investigation resulted in accusing a pet raccoon of the mischief.

One of the oldest tunes in the world is said to be the air sung to the words "We won't go home till morning." It is known to date back to the time of the Crusaders.

"Fad parties" are the latest form of amusement among the people who devote a good deal of mental energy to their entertainments. Each guest is expected to bring something which represents his or her hobby, and to talk about it interestingly.

The increase of wealth in the far Western States during the past half century has been extraordinary. In 1850 the average per capita of population was $167, where in 1890 it was $2250. The average in Rhode Island, the richest New England State, was $1459 in 1890.

MY LOVE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Come down to the river, my love, my love,
My love with the beautiful eyes;
Come down to the river where roses bloom
Under the glory of quiet skies.

Come down to the river, the musical river,
Where the rocks are old and hoary,
And over the waves to our isle we'll go,
And sing the old song, and tell the old story.

LAST WORDS.

Piety is natural to great and wide-minded men; it is generally the little ones who weigh and doubt, scrape and pare, hesitate and debate. Hence we must not be surprised to find many of our greatest men dying with spontaneously religious and pious reflection.

Socrates dying, after discoursing on immortality, ended by telling his disciple Crito that "he owed a cock to Æsculapius," a sacrifice to the god of health—the numen or deity in which he believed—"and that he (Crito) was to discharge the debt, and by no means to omit it." Mahomet cried out, "Oh, Allah, be it so!" With the name of that one God on his lips whom he so often exalts in his Koran, the great man died. Tasso, the poet, cried "Into thy hands, O Lord!" as he died; and, as Prescott tells us in his beautiful prose, that when the conspirators stabbed Pizarro, he traced a cross in the ground in his own blood, and kissing it, uttered the word "Jesu!" and died. Columbus used the same words—a form of prayer—as Tasso: "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my soul." Charles V. made the same ejaculation as Pizarro, and George Herbert said in English much the same that Tasso and Columbus said in Latin—"And now, Lord, Lord, receive my soul."

When Aria stabbed herself, to set an example to her more nervous and timid husband, she cried out, "My Paetus, it is not painful to die;" and she was quite right. "The sense of death is most in apprehension." We fear it, hence we think it painful, but people prove every day that the mercy of the Creator attends them through the Valley of the Shadow, and not them alone, but his lower creatures.

A cat shakes the mouse it preys on, and the creature is stunned, and feels no more dread. So reasons an English officer from analogy; for falling into the claws of a tiger, the beast gave him a sudden and a cat-like shake, and the man felt no more dread, but merely a stupid kind of wonder as to what would come next. So, many persons absolutely marvel at the pleasures of dying.

Louis XIV. wondered "that dying had not been more difficult." "If I could hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how pleasant and how easy a thing it is to die." "It is a pleasant thing to die," said the niece of Newton, the good clergyman of Olney; and Francis Saurez, the Spanish Jesuit, exclaimed in a rapture that it was "very sweet to die." Collingwood's last words—he died at sea—expressed a deep, easy calm. Being asked whether the roll of the sea disturbed him, he said, "No; I am now in a state in which nothing can disturb me more. Those who love me will be rejoiced to know how comfortably I am coming to my end."

Gainsborough, the painter, who had all his life drunk in the beauty of his art, cried out as he departed, "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." Nelson said, "I thank God I have done my duty," his ruling passion through life being to do for his country the duty which lay before him. William Pitt feared for England, surrounded with enemies, and full of internal troubles as she was, and sighed out, "My country! how I leave my country!" John Adams, President of the United States, said that "At least Thomas Jefferson still survives," referring to the state of turmoil that America was in, and hinting that the pure-minded Jefferson alone could save her.

Abraham Lincoln died with state trouble on his mind; but Washington departed like Cromwell, at peace, saying, "It is well."

Charles II. died—and the words did more credit to him than many others that he said—with a recommendation that Eleanor Gwynne should be taken care of, "Don't let poor Nelly starve." General Wolfe, with the cry of victory in his ears, asked concerning his foes, the French, "What, do they run already! then I die happy;" and Madame de Pompadour, with a polite jest to the retiring priest, who had stepped in to see her and found her dying, hinting perhaps that he was in too great a hurry to run away, said, "One moment, M. Le Cure, and we will go together."

Not the ruling passion, but a strong, fearful surprise seems to have marked the deathbed of George IV. Suddenly—for he died without hope—he seemed to awake, and said to his page, Sir W. Waller, "Watty, what is this? They have deceived me. My boy, this is death!"

Some persons have died jesting, but better than these jesting last words are the sententious utterances of Pope, Addison and Sir Walter Scott. Pope, as if dictating a sentence, said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; indeed, friendship itself is but a part of virtue."

Addison, sending for his son-in-law, or rather step-son, the Earl of Warwick, who was a wild young man, said, "I have sent for you to show you how a Christian can die;" and Walter Scott—most tender and best of all—said to those around him, "Be good, be good, my dears; nothing can console you when lying like me on a bed of death, but being good. God bless you all!" Better far are such ends than that sad end of poor Oliver Goldsmith, who wounded in his vanity, harassed with debts, shaking his head in a melancholy way, answered his doctor—who remarked, "Your pulse is in a great disorder; is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not." Goldsmith's great stay and friend, Johnson, died giving a blessing to a friend; De Staël, with the declaration that she had loved "God, her father and liberty;" Goethe, with a cry for "more light, more light!" exhibiting thus the fading powers of vision and the decay of the retina, and Dr. Adam, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, with the dismissal, as he thought, of his class—"It grows dark, boys; you may go."

Grains of Gold.

Covetous men need money least, and yet they most affect it.

Nothing contributes so much to the duration of life as moderation.

To gain wealth does not make us happy, to lose it makes us miserable.

The trials of life are the tests which reveal how much of truth there is in us.

There is no grief without some beneficial provision to soften its intenseness.

No man can be regarded as master of himself till he has conquered his passions.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in others.

No man is thoroughly happy till the discharge of duty becomes his supreme pleasure.

As reconciling enemies is the work of God, so separating friends is the work of the devil.

Every time you avoid doing wrong you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

Do good to those who do you evil, and by this means you will gain the victory over them.

Those should be deemed our best friends who kindly and seasonably tell us of our errors.

Whatever you dislike in another person, take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.

We are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged, than those who have obliged us.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Femininities.

Women in Clay City, Ind., have organized a brass band.

Some people might find time for helping one another if they were not so busy helping themselves.

There is an alarming tendency in women to look for something to reform in every man who likes them.

One hundred and forty women in New York have banded together as a society for the reformation of husbands.

It is sometimes noticeable that the girl who says she "cares nothing for clothes," wears the least when she goes to a ball.

Statistics show that only 55 per cent. of the blondes marry. This may put a new complexion on the hair bleaching business.

Hon. Nellie Bass, daughter of the English brewer, conformed to the fashion of wearing no gloves at her recent wedding in London.

Giles Tumut, being ill, was asked whether he had taken any remedy. "Not as I knows on," he replied; "but I've taken lots of physic."

Miss Baker, Professor of Greek and Latin in Simpson College, Indiana, translated a play of Æschylus when she was 14, and that was only 18 years ago.

A noted physician says that the most prolific cause of woman's nervous diseases, hysteria, spinal diseases and sick-headaches is found in high-heeled boots.

He, bitterly: "Pshaw! All women are alike!"

She: "Then why in the world do you spend so much time trying to find the one you want to marry?"

M. Worth, the famous dressmaker of Paris, keeps a regular force of about 50 persons, besides the employes of the dressmaking department, numbering from 500 to 700 girls, according to the season.

There are moments when the soul expands, as if it wanted elbow room in the little house it inhabits; and it is then that a man feels surprised—amazed—at his ever having committed a mean or cruel action.

Miss Adeline Knapp, who has been for several years the race track reporter of the San Francisco Call, rides man-fashion, in Turkish trousers, a cutaway coat and a silk hat. She owns a number of fine horses.

Inquiring son: "Papa, what is reason?" Fond parent: "Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right." Inquiring son: "And what is instinct?" Fond parent: "Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not."

Hospital nurses and their friends will be interested in some statistics which have been compiled by Professor Tyndall. According to these, hospital nurses only attain, on an average, the age of 35 years, while the non-nursing women reach the quite mature age of 59.

The fact that it was found necessary to put an authoritative denial in the way of published stories to the effect that little Ruth Cleveland is deficient in mental faculties and power of speech is a rather painful illustration of what some correspondents consider acceptable news.

Mrs. Clotilda Hoheniger, who died at St. Paul, Minn., lately, was the youngest of the eighteen children of Leohnard von Hoheniger, Chief Justice of the Royal Court of Appeal, of Bavaria, and her mother was a member of one of the oldest and best families of Germany. She went to St. Paul in 1851 and accumulated some property, but she lost it through illness, and for some years past supported herself by peddling papers about the city.

So fond are Russian women of smoking, that the Czar's Minister of the Interior has ordered the railway officials in the empire to provide passenger trains with smoking compartments for the use of the fair sex. It is said on good authority that nearly all married women in Russia smoke cigarettes, and the habit has begun to obtain largely among the unmarried, with the result that smoking cars are now as much of a necessity for traveling Russian women as for men.

A merchant of Berlin having fallen in love with an opera singer, purchased two dresses and sent them to her to make her choice, saying he would call to know her decision. Shortly, however, before the hour he had intended to set out on his errand, the merchant received from his beloved a billet doux to the following effect: "Of the dresses you have sent I like one quite as well as the other. I will, in fact, keep both, so that you have no need to call."

The Comtesse de C., who regrets her young days, conceals her age as much as possible. Not only does she have recourse to all the contrivances of art, but each winter she calls herself one year younger than the preceding year. She betrayed herself, however, at the opera the other evening by one of those expressions which are so common. Meeting Madame Blank, the comtesse said to her: "Ah, how are you? It is a century since I have seen you." "You see," said one of her friends to another, in a low tone, she acknowledges her age now!"

Masculinities.

The British Museum has now more than 10,000,000 books, and additions are being made at the rate of 50,000 a year.

Four men of Cumberland, Maine, with three dogs, chased a rabbit for 30 miles the other day without capturing him.

It is possible for any Chinaman, on the payment of a sufficiently large sum of money, to become a deity in the Celestial Empire.

The Prince of Wales rarely goes to bed until 2 o'clock in the morning, nevertheless he is invariably down again before 9 o'clock.

Love was strong enough within her to impel Mary Johnson, of Jacksonville, Fla., to walk 28 miles to be married; and she walked at night and alone.

A man in love is a man who wishes to be more amiable and agreeable than he can be, and this is the reason why almost all men in love are ridiculous.

Mme. Severine, the only woman journalist of any prominence in France, lives in Paris, and is able to earn by her writings $12,000 to $15,000 a year.

Grummer: "The longer I live the worse the world seems to get."

Gay: "Never mind, old man; perhaps it will do better after you are out of it."

A newspaper cannot be run to suit the individual tastes of its readers. It should be treated as a bill of fare—you take the things you like and leave the things you dislike.

Isaac Pitman, who has been knighted by the Queen, nearly 60 years ago published the system of shorthand that has made him famous. Sir Isaac is a hale old gentleman of 81.

They are talking in Boston about a clergyman who, at a recent dinner, drank a quart of champagne under the impression that it was apollinaris and good for his digestion.

Every man who succeeds inclines to ascribe all the credit to his own ability, shrewdness, industry; but when he fails he lays the blame wholly upon others, upon circumstances, upon fate.

Jared Lazyman, of Green Bay, Wis., has taken the preliminary legal steps to have his name changed to Jared Layman. He is a shoemaker, and he says his name interferes with his business.

Of the 26 barons who signed the Magna Charta, 3 wrote their names and 23 made their mark. This is all changed now. Every baron can write, but only a few succeed in making their mark.

Miles Mays, aged 27, and Emma Mays, aged 23, his wife, were buried at Vandalia, Ill., on the same day lately. They were married on April 5 last, and both died on May 7, within a few hours of each other.

"Do you know how beautiful you are?" he whispered, as he clasped her in his arms.

"It is enough if you know," she murmured, and dived head foremost into his whiskers.

Henry Black, of San Francisco, was accidentally locked up in a large refrigerator, and remained in the freezing atmosphere for four hours. Pneumonia followed; but Black recovered, much to the surprise of his physicians.

Men, as a rule, long to be loved only during youth. In mature age they long for power, and their longing is increased in proportion to its acquirement. Their love of woman is readily appeased; their love of power is insatiable.

"The World's Chicken King" is the title claimed by a New Jerseyman. His "accleobion," or artificial hatching establishment, turns out 250,000 chickens a year. He keeps 2000 laying hens and buys all the fresh and fecund eggs that are offered him.

There is a man in Abilene who is so interested in the welfare of that town that he has never missed seeing a train on the Union Pacific pull in, day or night, for 15 years, except once when he was sick. Then he sent a written excuse to the telegraph operator.

If, as has been said, idleness is the mother of mischief, occupation and industry are the progenitors of virtue and good order. The universal haste for wealth, coupled with unwillingness to toil for its acquisition, is fruitful of crime and destructive of business integrity.

A Jonesville, Mich., boy who went fishing on Sunday, discovered in a mill dam a break that would have caused thousands of dollars worth of damage had it not been promptly repaired. As the owner of the dam was in church at the time the moral of the story is pretty evenly adjusted.

The late John Jay had this to say in his will about extravagant funerals and the custom of wearing crape as mourning: "Regarding the extravagance in funerals and mourning as unseemly and burthensome, I wish my funeral to be severely simple; and I ask my children and grandchildren, whom I thank for their constant affection, to observe my wishes in this regard, and to let any mourning they may wear for me be mild, inexpensive and without crape."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The petticoat department of garments outside of the cambric, muslin and nainsook designs is usually appropriately an offshoot of the regular underwear department. Silk, mohair, alpaca, gloria, satine, pongee and seersucker are included in the regular spring and summer skirts. While a white cambric petticoat is dainty and necessary for a thin house dress, it is often considered out of place on the street.

Black, gray and tan shades are staple in style. Plain and striped goods are better sellers than figures. The changeable silks and glorias have become standard favorites. The petticoats are now amply full, fitted with a yoke, have the fullness thrown to the back and altogether form a well-made and well-shaped garment, which is cheaper for the average shopper to buy ready made than to buy the materials and have it made. There is art in petticoat making, as in all things, which only comes from experience.

Black taffeta is trimmed with two, three or more ruffles, or one of lace over silk in a straight or festooned style. Black and white stripes are trimmed with black Bourdon or Chantilly lace. Many lace flounces have "baby" ribbon run in the heading at the top of the lace ruffle. Colored silks have wide, narrow and medium stripes, with the pinked flounces bias. Changeable silks are of such fashionable combinations as green and lavender, red and blue, brown and gold, gray and red, etc. The lightest of them intended for evening wear are trimmed with white lace ruffles festooned with bows of satin ribbon. White silk petticoats are pretty for evening or transparent dresses, as organdies, Swisses, etc.

A silk that rustles very much does not wear as a soiler piece, and is considered unrefined by conservative women.

The striped and natural-colored seersuckers are the cheapest of petticoats and always sell. The natural shades of pongee, plain, or with embroidered ruffles, are delightfully cool, and the glace or changeable glorias present much of the appearance of silk, at half the cost. Mohair in black, light or dark gray or a silvery tan shade is one of the best of the "stand out" skirts, is light in weight and shakes the dust. Fast black satine designs have a good sale for summer wear, but will cling to the wearer, which some persons cannot endure. Alpaca is also of fast black, gray and tan shades, and one of the favorite skirts of this line has pinked silk ruffles, making it second only to a black silk. In the midst of season buying, do not neglect this useful line of goods.

In the millinery display, it is noticed that tinted silk tulle linings are used on delicate lace straws; that the Duse turban is again a very fashionable shape; that jet sequins and spangles are very much en evidence on hat-brims and glimps; that black, white and purple violets are in favor; that leghorn hats are edged at the brim with straw lace passementeries; that ecru silk guipure and pink roses are much used on dress hats; that two distinct varieties of fancy straw are used in the making of both hats, toques and bonnets.

Lilacs in large bunches decorate large hats of black or white net, straw or chiffon, and large tea roses nestle close to full, fluffy white ostrich feathers on hats of dazzling white chip.

The hats of which the widely projecting brim is turned back in a full flare show decorations of spangled light brown, full yellow or turquoise blue net, which sometimes forms a torsade, and again an enormous Alsatian bow, above which white lilacs are mingled with small bunches of purple grapes.

A beautiful brown chip has a wreath of the leaves, tendrils, early flowers and fruit of the grape vine. The flowers, which afterward form the fruit, being feathery and of a light yellowish brown, and the leaves of a dark green, this trimming is very artistic. Watered white and green ribbon form bows on the back, but the front shows the vine arranged so high that it gives a full and handsome group above the brow. Under the brim and close to the hair a small bunch of purple grapes is nestled on the right side with one or two leaves.

Women who are finding the shirt waist a boon and blessing should be warned against its misuse by the fate of the tea gown.

That garment has a distinct and legitimate use. It was very valuable at the proper moment. But American women, if no others, grow daft over the tea gown. They wore it at receptions and at most elaborate "at homes"; they even adapted it a little and made a dinner dress of it, and it is not at all sure that it did not masquerade as a ball gown before this frenzy spent itself. Garments have limitations that should be respected. In particular, the generous office of the skirt waist should not be infringed upon.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Orange Chips.—Cut the oranges in quarters, squeezing out carefully all the juice and straining it through a fine hair strainer or sieve. Slice the peel which has been removed in the thin chips; weigh them, and for every pound of the peel weigh out a pound of sugar. Soak the peel in cold water till the next day, putting the sugar with the juice. Boil the peel when it is soaked in the same water until it is very tender. Then drain it and put it with the chips, add sugar, and boil it until the syrup is a candy. Lift the chips out of the syrup and lay them one by one on to greased papers to dry. It sometimes takes several weeks for them to dry, it is said, but they are very nice when they are done.

Orange Biscuits.—Boil large Valencia oranges, changing the water twice, until they can be pierced with a straw. Then remove the peel. Let it become a little dry. Pound it to a fine powder in a mortar and mix it with an equal weight of sugar. Spread it out on china dishes in a thin layer, and let it dry thoroughly before a fire or in the sun. Do not attempt to make this preserve with Florida oranges, for though the pulp of the Florida oranges is far superior to any other as fruit, yet the skin to be used for confectionery is far inferior to the cheap Mediterranean oranges.

Soft Gingerbread.—Melt one ounce of butter (cost two cents), add it to half a pint of molasses (cost five cents), with one level teaspoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon and ginger (cost one cent); dissolve one level teaspoonful of soda in half a pint of boiling water, mix this with the molasses, and lightly stir in half a pound of sifted flour (cost two cents); line a cake-pan with buttered paper, pour in the batter, which will be very thin, and bake it about half an hour, or until you can run a broom splint into it, and withdraw it clean. The cake, which will be a good size, will cost ten cents.

Ragout of Mutton.—Cut two pounds of coarse lean mutton into small pieces. Have two tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, in which fry the mutton and a small onion minced. Cover with hot water or stock, and stew slowly for two hours. At the end of an hour add pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful of summer savoury. At the end of two hours thicken the gravy with a tablespoonful of flour and boil up. Turn into a hot dish, and serve with it boiled green peas or French beans.

Sweet Biscuits.—Rub four ounces of butter into one pound of flour; dissolve four ounces of sugar in half a pint of warm milk; pour this into the flour, mixing it smoothly; then dissolve half a level teaspoonful of cream of tartar in one gill of cold water, and stir it into the above ingredients. When they are thoroughly mixed, roll out the paste about quarter of an inch thick, cut it out in small round cakes, and bake them golden brown, at once, in a quick oven.

Fruit Salad Dressing.—A dressing for such a fruit salad as a mixture of bananas, white grapes, and oranges is sometimes made from sugar, water and wine. Dissolve half a cupful of sugar in two tablespoonfuls of water, then boil five minutes, and mix with the syrup after it cools a little a half cupful of good sherry. A little Maraschino improves the flavor. If wine is not used two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice may be added to the syrup.

Caraway Cake.—Beat to a cream four ounces each of butter and sugar (cost 12 cents), stir in two eggs (2 cents), one gill of milk (cost 1 cent), one pound of sifted flour (cost 4 cents) and 6 cents' worth of caraway seed; bake the cake for two hours in a deep earthen dish, testing it with a clean broom splint to be sure it is done before take it from the oven. It will cost about 24 cents.

Preserved Pineapple—Shred with a silver fork (after peeling and taking out the eyes) as many pineapples as are desired. To one pound of the apple add three-fourths of a pound of sugar. Let them stand over night, then cook in their own juice until clear.

Tomato Sandwiches.—Peel some ripe tomatoes, remove the seeds, press out the water, season the pulp with pepper, salt, oil, vinegar, and, lastly, a little freshly-grated Parmesan cheese, and spread this mixture on bread-and-butter.

Calcimined Walls.—If you wish to paper a ceiling or wall that has been calcimined wash it thoroughly with glue water.

Nothing is more beneficial to the hair than daily and vigorous brushing, but this entails a sadly soiled hair brush every few days. If the brush is dipped in ammonia water and then dried in the sun it will come out as good as new.

A neat contrivance is a goblet-cover to keep the contents of a glass of medicine, for instance, from dust. It is made of a circular piece of cardboard, covered on the upper side with a crocheted mat in white zephyr, with a loop in the centre by which to raise it.

PREHISTORIC MAN.

The new book, "Man the Primeval Savage," summarizes in a vivid chapter the surroundings and general appearance of the paleolithic men. The forests which then so extensively covered the British Isles harbored animals against which they had ever to guard; the lion, wild cat, bear, wolf, rhinoceros and hyæne were among the most terrible of them, and the elephant, mammoth, hippopotamus and bison were no doubt also to be feared.

From the bones that have been found it is noticeable that these earliest known men were shorter in stature, broader in the back, and less upright than the man of the present day; but it is not so clear how Mr. Worthington Smith has discovered that the hair which covered them was probably of a bright chestnut red. The forehead receded, and the heavy overshadowing brow ridges suggest a creature but little removed from the arboreal ape in his habit.

Fear of their common enemies, those animals which would attack stray men who were isolated from their fellows and therefore helpless, obliged them to live in social communities, and to give one another aid and protection to some extent. But, reasoning from the condition of existing savages, Mr. Smith informs us that the feebler among them were recognized by the rest as being useless to keep and unprofitable to provide for, so that if any one of their companions was badly injured by accident or attacked by disease, he was hunted away by the rest for the wolves to rid them of him, or deliberately killed.

Another marked resemblance to animal habits is seen in their apparent neglect of their dead, unless they burnt them; for no traces have survived. Possibly, as Mr. Smith hints, they were cannibals, and not only the dead but the weaker living among them became at times victims to the stronger. Their chief labor was the manufacture of their implements of flint, which were chipped out of the stones in the shape of knives, arrow heads and such weapons.

It is curious to notice that these were entirely fashioned by dexterous chipping, and this was a matter of considerable difficulty when the projected implement was to have a keen knife edge; the idea of rubbing one flake on another stone to produce a sharp edge did not occur to man till the neolithic time. These, with branches of trees cut as sticks, formed their only tools and weapons against wild animals. With such flint tools they could hunt only the smaller animals for food, but would possibly also devour the larger ones when they found them already dead.

PERIL OF WHISTLING.—There is one fad which has lately found much favor among many young society ladies, notably those of San Francisco, which, if long continued, will make many pretty lips, which are so charming when in pucker, anything but beautiful when in repose. This is the whistling fad. The mouth is very susceptible to moulding influences, and readily falls into lines of beauty, or the reverse; and the full sweetness of the prettiest upper lip which is kept continually in a pucker will very soon show a weakening of elasticity in the rounding curves, and a quick falling into habits of perpetual, perpendicular, or slightly slanting lines, which the world will call wrinkles. Or, perhaps later, when the habit has become more popular, the world may learn to think them beautiful and call them lines of whistling culture. One lady has a horse which she takes great delight in driving. The horse, being of a leisurely turn of mind, needs constant urging. The lady fell into the habit of whistling and chirping continually at the animal, until after a few months she noticed that the upper lip was beginning to show the effects of so much puckering in an unpleasant manner. Now she clucks at the horse or uses the whip, and is patiently trying to pinch the wrinkles out of her upper lip. So, young ladies, do not whistle. Men may whistle to their heart's content, and if it does spoil their lips nobody is the wiser, for their moustaches hide all such defects.

"You didn't sell a copy of 'How to Make Home Attractive' to that woman, did you?" "Yes, I did. When she came into the parlor I rose and said that I had this book, but that she did not need anything to tell her how to make home attractive, begged her pardon for coming and started to leave. She bought two copies."

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

R. R. R.

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In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Choloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptons, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

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Instantly relieves and soon cures

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Inflammation,	**Sciatica,**
Lumbago,	**Rheumatism,**
Neuralgia,	**Influenza,**

Difficult Breathing.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"St. Nicholas" for June is a feast of good things. The articles calling for special mention are "The Saga of Olaf the Young," "The Discontented Wood Cutter," by Lieutenant H. P. McIntosh, and "The Little Dryad," a Woodland fancy, by Mary L. B. Branch. Mr. Hornsby continues his natural history papers. There is also a humorous story and a bit of clever verse by Oliver Herford. All the illustrations are superb, and the number is most instructive, amusing and entertaining. Published at New York.

"The Century" for June contains a number of salient features. One of the most interesting is the authoritative account of "Edison's Invention of the Kinetо-Phonograph." Frank R. Stockton contributes a piquant and vivid story entitled "The Magic Egg." Two college students, Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, who are contributing a record of their trip, "Across Asia on a Bicycle," devote the June paper to a description of "The Ascent of Mt. Ararat." The conclusion of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is given. Fiction, poetry, art and other readable contributions complete an excellent number of this popular magazine. The Century Publishing Company, New York.

The June "Eclectic" opens with an article descriptive and reflective on "Constantinople as a Historic City," by Mr. Frederick Harrison. Other excellent articles are "Modern Habits," "Religion and Morality," "Early Social Self Government," "Emerson's Meeting with De Quincey," "Quotation," "Origin of Cultivation" and an article on "Modern Surgery." There is a large number of less serious articles. In all, this number contains eighteen good and readable articles. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York.

LITERARY IMPOSTORS.

It is almost a hundred years ago—to be exact, it was just in the winter of 1795—since the whole literary world was suddenly thrown into a state of wild delight by the discovery of a great mass of Shakespearean documents, including the MSS. of "King Lear" and "Hamlet," and the legal papers in connection with the Stratford poaching affair.

The lucky discoverer of these treasures was a young man named William Henry Ireland, a solicitor's clerk. Ireland, on being asked where he got such precious relics, declared he had received them in a present from a mysterious gentleman living in the country, and, strange as it may appear, the public believed this cock-and-bull story.

The insight of the literary critics of the day, must, indeed, have been at a low ebb when such stuff as Ireland could produce passed for the work of Shakespeare. James Boswell, the biographer, went into ecstasies over the discoveries; while even Sheridan, a man of keen literary instinct, was completely "sold" by the young rogue's scrawls.

The climax, however, was reached when one of the pseudo-Shakespearean plays ("Vortigern") was mounted at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Jordan and Kemble in the leading parts. The day of the production was the 2nd April, and so great was the desire to see the first performance that crowds began to gather round the theatre door on the previous evening. All went well until the fifth act was reached, when a critic, recognizing a plagiarism, called out "Henry VI.!" This was the signal for a general interruption, and the final blow was given when Kemble, who had begun to suspect the imposture, in declaiming a passage which describes the progress of death upon the human frame, emphasized the line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er" with such ludicrous gestures that he fairly brought down the house, and damned the play.

A searching inquiry was then made as to the source whence Ireland drew his supply of MSS., and at last William Henry was forced to confess that he himself was the author of the supposed relics. The sequel was, however, the most amusing part of the business. After the whole conspiracy had exploded, collectors were anxious to have examples of the forged documents, and the wily solicitor's clerk was equal to the occasion. He turned out a large number of copies of his own forgeries, and thereby pocketed a considerable sum.

In later years Ireland published his "Confessions," giving a full account of the impositions; but William Henry was such a consummate liar that we hardly know whether to believe the statements in the book or not.

Very different was the case of poor Chatterton, "the marvellous boy who perished in his pride." Chatterton was the son of a Bristol schoolmaster, and at an early age he was apprenticed to an attorney. While engaged with the legal documents, young Chatterton seems to have acquired a taste for antiquarian studies and heraldry. He was not long until he began to practice the latter art, and produced as a first effort the celebrated De Bergham pedigree, which purported to trace the lineage of a working pewterer named Burgam. Chatterton next produced a long series of ancient MSS., including poems and sermons by Thomas Rowley, declaring he had found these in an old chest in the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe Church.

The reading public were generally deceived by these clever productions, and even Horace Walpole, the greatest critic of the day, was for a time "taken in" by them.

The inevitable discovery, however, came at last, and Chatterton found it convenient to leave Bristol for London.

His career in the Metropolis was a short and sad one. The story of the proud youth slowly starving to death in that lonely room forms one of the most tragic chapters in the annals of literature.

Much might be said on Chatterton's behalf, and this at least is true of him, that he alone of all literary impostors, and despite his delinquencies, has secured a prominent position in literature.

CASTING OUT DEVILS.—We have a friend, a Methodist preacher, and a jolly fellow he is. He has a large muscular frame, with corpulence to correspond; has a huge hand with a powerful grip—save us from giving him serious offence if he were a common sinner—has inexhaustible vitality, and would not be over-delicate in perpetrating a joke, even if it should be a little rough, and has withal a homeliness which his complexion does not greatly relieve.

This friend of ours is an earnest worker, and has a well-earned reputation as a revivalist. Some years ago he was holding a meeting at which quite an interest was awakened. Numbers of persons had come to the mourner's seat, and some had been converted. One evening a group, consisting of two or three young men and as many young ladies, were present, whose object in coming was to have merriment.

Our friend the minister having noticed their manœuvres for a while, and thinking it was time they were checked, found his way to them, and, addressing himself to the young men, kindly requested them to observe the decorum befitting the place. One of them, whose ideas of politeness were hardly up to the mark, ventured in a rather ungracious manner to reply that they "had understood that miracles were worked there, and they had come to see some performed."

Upon this our robust friend, the minister, coolly took the young man by the coat-collar, deliberately led him down the aisle, and, opening the door, without further ceremony, landed him outside, quietly remarking, "We do not work miracles here, but we cast out devils!"

THE KENTUCKY IDEA.—Henry Watterson tells of a politician who was inveighing against Cleveland before a number of auditors in Washington.

"I'm going to quit," says he. "I'm going to get out and keep out of sight for the next four years. I know a secluded spot in the James River country where I'll go and live. It's an ideal home for a weary recluse. About 200 yards back of the cottage there's a spring house and close by is a mint bed, while just across the creek a friend of mine runs a distillery."

A Kentuckian was among the auditors, and at this juncture he interrupted the speaker.

"Excuse me, stranger, but that must be pahdise!"

SHOWING OFF HER WEALTH.—A traveler who had been visiting some newly discovered oilfields tells the story of finding in a farmhouse, whose owner had just "struck oil," a handsome girl in full evening costume beating madly on the keys of a grand piano. The only deficiency in her toilet, to a casual observer, was the fact that she wore neither shoes or stockings.

When asked to explain this, she seemed greatly surprised and said that "pa had told her that everybody who was rich always bought a dress from Mr. Worth and a big grand piano."

But "pa" had evidently not read of shoes and stockings.

SHE: "It is true that Miss Richleigh has money, but she is also very exacting. If you marry her, you will have to give up smoking and drinking." He: "If I don't marry her, I shall have to give up eating also."

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It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, U.S. taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

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ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

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Cut this out and send it with your inquiry.

Humorous.

IN THE GLOAMING.

In the gloaming, O my darling,
Where the nights are six months long,
If I stayed till midnight, darling;
Would you think that it was wrong?
Would you work the old gags on me?
Would you murmur, soft and low,
That I might be late for breakfast,
Or the clock was six weeks slow?

—U. N. Nosk

A boy's idea of a hero is another boy who runs off.

What sticks closer than a brother?—A postage stamp.

How to know a racing prophet—By the tip of his tongue.

Bound to get ahead—The man who takes ten drinks in half an hour.

When does a man treat a friend most like water?—When he bails him out.

"How do you know he married her for her money?"
"I've seen her."

"What a little bit of a thing your baby-sister is!" "Yes'm; if you please, it's a condensed-milk baby."

The boarding house butter may have a great deal to answer for, but nobody ever accused it of being too fresh.

A clergyman who had been told that his sermons were too long, excused himself on the ground that the church was a large one.

Justice O'Halloran: "Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?"
Mrs. Kelly: "I hov two livin' an' wan married."

American student: "Don't you have foot-ball in Germany?"
German student: "No; notting but duels und riots."

Novelist: "I'd like to have my heroine do something absolutely unique!"
Friend: "Yes? Why don't you let her faint when there's no one looking?"

A man tried for larceny called witnesses to character, one of whom said "he had never heard anything against his character, as he was hard of hearing."

Bangs: "Terrific storm we had last night—terrible thunder and lightning."
Ringo: "Well, you see, I reached home about two, and I didn't hear the storm outside."

They had been discussing the pronunciation of oleomargarine, and finally agreed to leave it to the Irish waiter; but he hedged. "Sure," said he, "I have to pronounce it butter or lose my place!"

Uncle Treetop: "That heifer is two years old."
City niece: "How do you know?"
"By her horns."
"Oh, to be sure; she has only two."

None of the gentlemen who write anecdotes about the sagacity of animals have plied their pens to celebrate the fact that a New Jersey eagle that carried off a bottle of hair restorer turned out to be a bald eagle.

Friend: "Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?"
Ethel, enthusiastically: "It's simply delightful. We've been married a week, and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time."

Frazier: "Why won't Miss Golden marry Mr. Glider—is there another man in the case?"
Mrs. King: "I am afraid there is."
"Do you know who it is?"
"Yes; her father."

The Court: "Why did you assault this man?"
Prisoner: "I'll tell you how it was. You see, I'm a barber."
"Well?"
"And this man sells pianos and breaks up my business."
"How's that?"
"He gets people to be musicians, and then they leave off getting their hair cut."

The following is recommended as an excellent recipe for a summer drink: Take one pint of whisky; stir in a spoonful of whisky; then add one pint of whisky, and beat well with a spoon. Take one gallon of water, and let a servant carry it away beyond your reach; then put two spoonfuls of water in a glass; immediately throw it out and fill the glass with whisky. Flavor with whisky to suit your taste, and add a little sugar, if you like it that way. When it is to be kept long in warm climates, add sufficient whisky to prevent souring.

Curiosities wanted:—A bunch of blossoms from a railway plant; the topmost bough of an axle-tree; a twig from a branch of trade; a crust from the roll of the ocean; a feather from the crest of a wave; some quills from the wings of the wind; a lock of hair from the head of a column; a hoop from the pale of society; the knife used by ringers when pealing bells; a broom for sweeping assertions; a collar for a neck of land; a quizzing-glass for an eye to business; a rocker from the cradle of the deep; a few tears from a weeping willow, and some down from the bosom of a lake.

CANARIES.—About three hundred and fifty years ago a ship, returning from the islands in the Atlantic which people then called the Fortunate Isles, but which were undoubtedly the Canaries, went ashore on the coast of Italy, nor Leghorn. A cage of beautiful birds captured in those islands was broken and the birds were liberated. Through some caprice, they did not take refuge on the Italian mainland, but went to the island of Elba, where in due time they nested and bred and increased in numbers. The Italians discovered that they were admirable singers, and began to capture and sell them in cages. This gave rise to a traffic which soon completely cleared the island of Elba of "canary birds," so that not one was left there in a wild state. From that time the history of the canary has been a r cord of perpetual imprisonment and of the transformation of his appearance and character. He has become what may well be called an artificial bird. Every nation of Europe has produced a canary of a special type. In their natural state, as they still exist in the Canary and Madeira and other Atlantic islands, the birds are of a grayish green or greenish-brown color, and are not remarkable for beauty; but they are such exceedingly energetic singers that they have been known to burst the membrane of their throats in pouring forth their song. Now and then birds are taken in a wild state in these islands and sold for good prices in Europe or America. But the ordinary canary of commence is the offspring of captive stock, and has been greatly modified by breeding. Canaries have, moreover, been crossed with linnets, finches, and other birds until their real race is uncertain. Canaries are now known as "German," "French," "Belgian," "English," "Tirolese," and so on, according to the forms and colors that have been produced in them. The Belgian canaries are sometimes eight inches long—the wild canary is never more than five—and are remarkable for the elegance of their form and their rich orange color. French canaries are light in color. Some of them, which are entirely white, command a high price. The Germans and Tirolese, on the other hand, breed more for beauty of song than of plumage. Many of their birds have reverted to the original greenish-brown color; but their powers of song have been developed in a high degree by selection or training. Many of them have been trained, by being kept in the dark in the hearing of nightingales, to imitate those wonderful singers.

THEIR CHOICE.—"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition; but I will tell you a little story about two dogs. George had a nice little dog that was gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at the passers-by, or at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas' dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, and would sometimes tear them quite cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions he had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all strange men who came along, and would bite them, unless somebody interfered. Now, boys, which was the dog you would like to own—George's or Thomas'?" Instantly came the answer, in one eager shout, "Thomas'!"

VINEGAR AND DIGESTION.—A health writer, discussing the effects of vinegar on digestion, says: "The microscopists have discovered that the eels of vinegar sometimes take up their abode in the alimentary canal as parasites, and become a source of irritation and disturbance to the digestive organs. And now, according to Virchow's archives, they have been investigating the influence of acids upon salivary digestion, or the conversion of starch into sugar, and the fact has appeared that acetic acid, connected with tartaric and oxalic acids, very materially hinders this portion of the digestive process. It is worthy of note, as being in the line of scientific progress, that many of the most skillful chefs are substituting in their culinary processes lemon juice for vinegar, thus avoiding at once the wriggling eels and the mischief-making acid."

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.—An old farmer was in a merchant's office, and asked if he could supply some fresh butter. The merchant told him that he would inquire if his wife needed any, so he stepped to the telephone, called her up, and talked a few seconds through the telepone. Then turning to the countryman, who was standing with his hands in his pockets, his eyes stretched, and his face very red, he told him that his wife said she would not need any butter. The indignant countryman blurted out—

"Look here, mister; if you didn't want any butter, why didn't you say so? I ain't such a fool as to think that you've got your wife shut up in that little box."

And he went, leaving the merchant speechless.

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—AND—
Blonde and Brunette,

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Chicago Express (Sleeper) daily 6.45 p m		
Buffalo Express (Sleeper) daily 9.45 p m		
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars	w'k d'ys 8.35, a m, 4.00 p m	10.00
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper, daily 11.30 p m.		

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.37 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut.) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m., Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.45, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 9.00 a m, 5.00 p m. Sundays, 9.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 6.15 a m, 5.05 p m. Sundays, 6.35 a m, 5.20 p m.

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